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ABSTRACT

This journal issue focuses on Appalachian veterans and on the premise that Appalachians and Americans in general are still fighting the battles and dealing with the psychic aftermath of the Civil War and all wars fought since then. One article notes that Appalachian soldiers were 20 to 25% more likely to be killed in Vietnam than other soldiers. West Virginia had the highest average of battle deaths: 84.1/100,000. Pickens County, South Carolina has the highest number of Congressional Medal of Honor winners in the nation. Articles discuss Sergeant York and profile lesser known veterans of Vietnam and World War II. There are memoirs, fiction, and poetry about experiences of Appalachian natives in Vietnam. A study of Appalachian POWs in World War II reports that problems of former POWs are far more severe than had previously been established. An oral history project records memories of World War II veterans from East Tennessee and includes samples of the veterans' stories. Other selections describe a soldier's wife in the Civil War and volunteer work on the frontlines in World War II. Films and books about Appalachian veterans' experiences are reviewed. (DHP)

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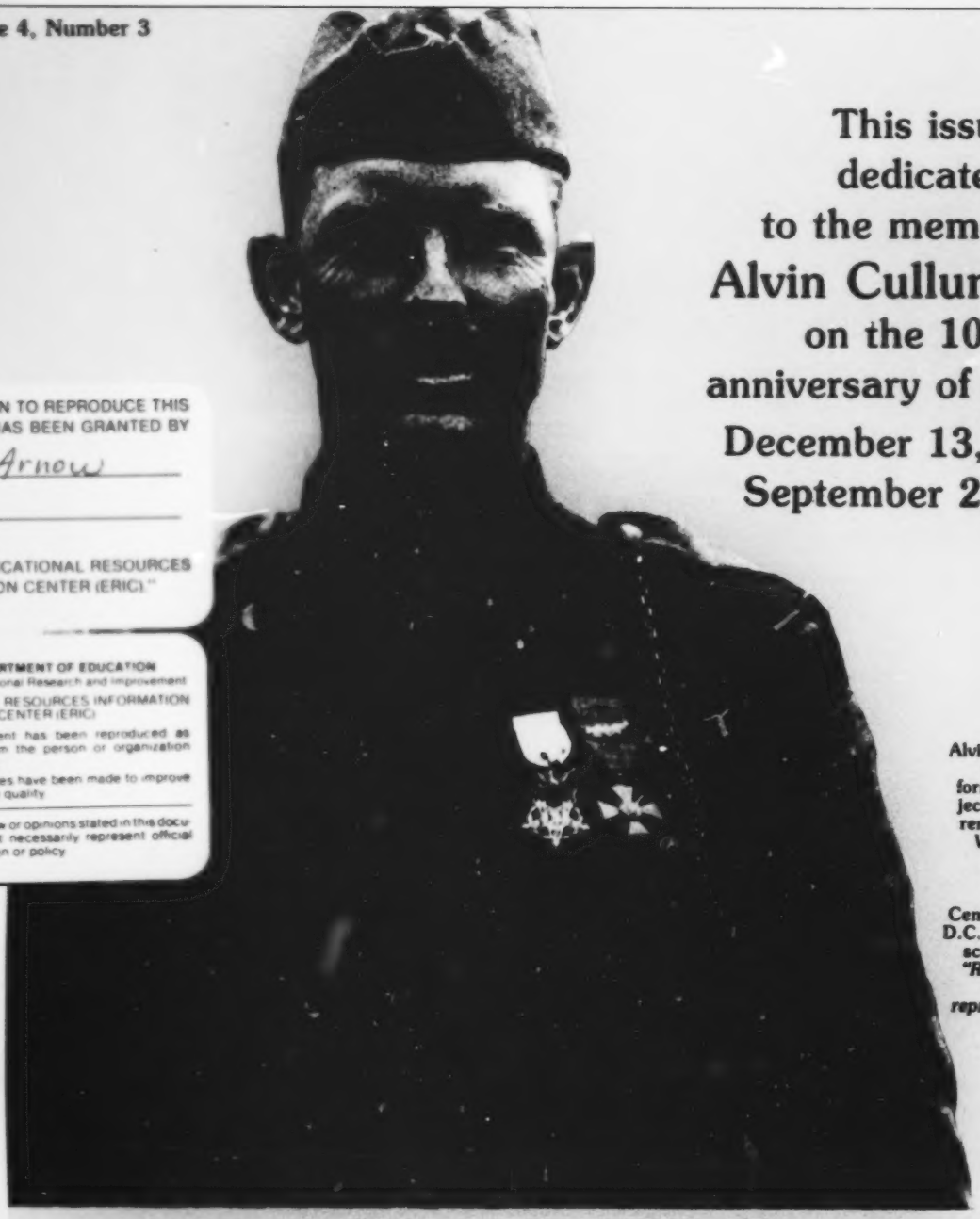
NOW AND THEN

Volume 4, Number 3

Fall, 1987



This issue
dedicated
to the memory of
Alvin Cullum York
on the 100th
anniversary of his birth.
December 13, 1887 -
September 2, 1964

Alvin C. York of Fentress County, Tennessee, a former conscientious objector, became the most renowned hero of World War I. He chose to be buried in Pall Mall, Tennessee, instead of Arlington National Cemetery in Washington, D.C. His gravestone is inscribed with this quote: ***"Righteousness exalts a nation but sin is a reproach to any people."*** **(Proverbs 14:24)**

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APPALACHIAN VETERANS

Bert Allen, Guest Editor

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East Tennessee State University, Johnson City, Tennessee

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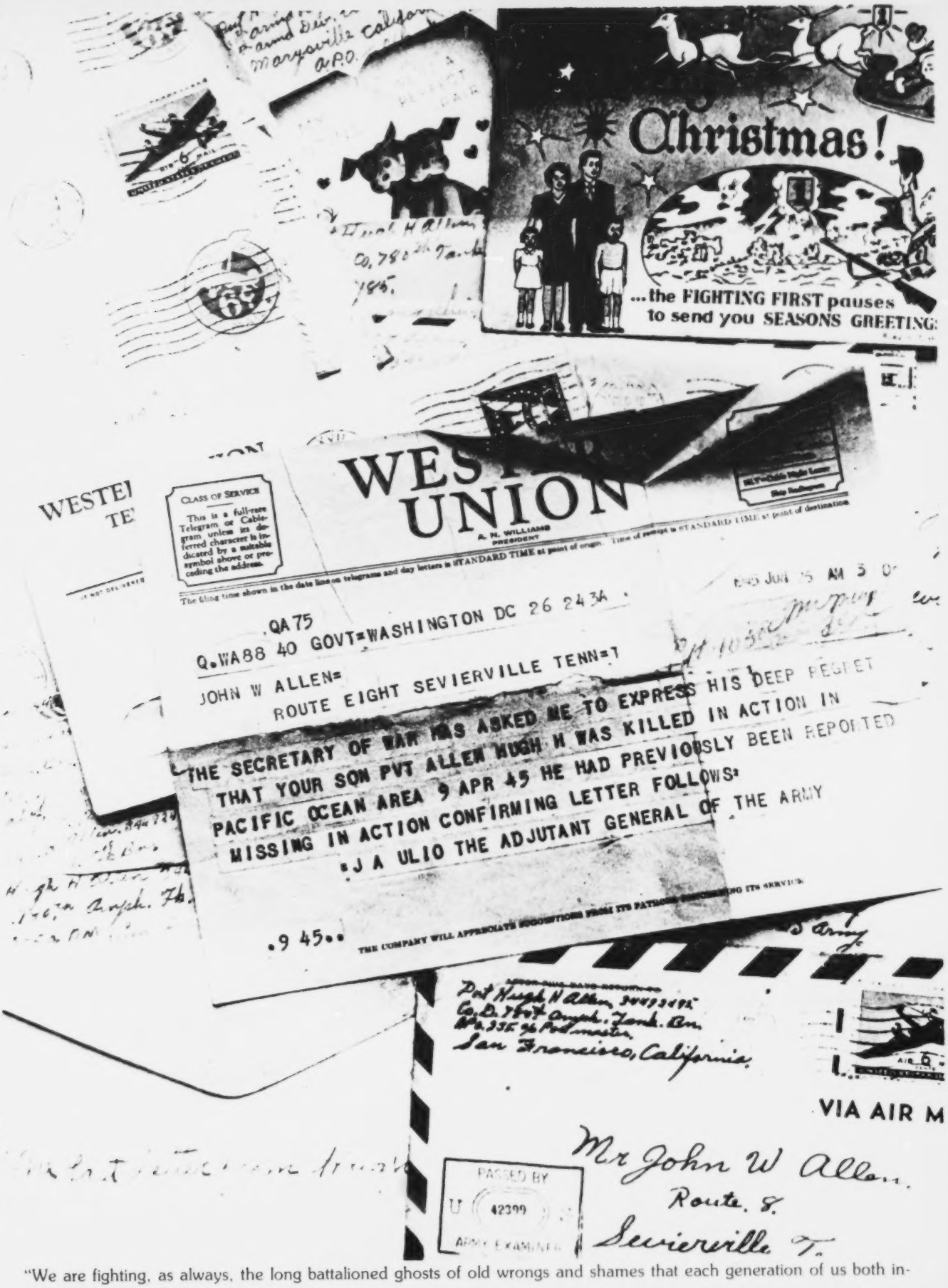
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"We are fighting, as always, the long battalioned ghosts of old wrongs and shames that each generation of us both inherits and creates."

William Faulkner

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Editorial Advisory Board

With this edition of *Now and Then*, we would like to welcome the charter members to our editorial advisory board. These people are friends who have been providing us with free recommendations, writing and support. As members of the *Now and Then* editorial advisory board, they will still be providing us with free recommendations, writing and support, but at least we can formally recognize their continuing contribution and interest in the magazine. They are:

Robert J. Higgs is a professor of English at East Tennessee State University. He is co-editor (with Ambrose Manning) of *Voices from the Hills*, a widely read anthology of Appalachian writing. He is also a sports literature expert with three books on that subject to his credit. His most recent contribution to regional literature was his article in *Laughter in Appalachia: A Festival of Southern Mountain Humor* by Loyal Jones and Billy Edd Wheeler (published by August House).

Marat Moore is a Johnson City native who has lived in West Virginia, worked as a coal miner and now works for the United Mine Workers of America at their headquarters in Washington, D.C. She is a reporter on the *UMWA Journal* and is working on a book about women coal miners.

Rita Quillen is a poet and teacher living in Hiltons, Virginia. Her book of poetry *October Dusk* was recently published by Seven Buffaloes Press.

Now and Then Magazine

Now and Then is published three times a year by the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services at East Tennessee State University. Subscriptions are $7.50 per year ($10.00 for institutions and libraries).

Submissions of poetry, fiction, scholarly and personal essays, graphics and photographs concerned with Appalachian life are welcomed if accompanied by a self-addressed stamped envelope. We will be careful but not responsible for all materials. Address all correspondence to: Editor, Now and Then, CASS, Box 19, 180A, ETSU, Johnson City, TN 37614-0002

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CONTENTS

COLUMNS 2-4

FEATURES

More Than our Share of Heroes
Mountaineers in Combat 5
Ed Price

"The Effects of Those Times We Had..."
Prisoners of War
42 Years Later 31
Bert Allen

Veterans of Appalachia Remember the World at War 35
Colin Baxter

In Revolt Against the Laws of the Universe 37
Joyce Duncan

A Soldier's Wife
by Mrs. Robert Frank Orr ..38
compiled by Nancy Joyner

Volunteers on the Frontlines by a Veteran of the American Field Service 39
McQuown Wright

Preacher Pressley and the School of the Way it Used to Be ...40
Dave Long

PROFILES

Bert Allen 14
Jo Carson

Juanita Quillen 16
Pat Arnow

Linnard Simmons 18
Judy Odom

David Evans 20
Ed Price

Geneva Jenkins 21
Jane Woodside

STORIES

Medal of Honor 10
Fred Chappell

Green Fields Turned Red a Story of Vietnam 26
Thomas Rollins

POETRY

Phu Bai Poems 8
Ron Giles

The Other Vietnam Vet 23
Susan Roper

Day Before Yesterday 30
Milt Tober

V.C. G.I. 45
Dan Crowe

from *Sense of Peace* 40
Tom Frazier

What My Father Never Told Me 47
Jo Carson

Guadalcanal 47
Gallipoli 48
Bob Henry Baber

ESSAY

Reticence 46
Joyce Duncan

REVIEWS

Long Shadows by Ross Spear 41
Richard Blaustein

Sergeant York: An American Hero by David D. Lee 42
Charles L. Walter

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come by John Fox, Jr. 43
Roberta Herrin

The Beulah Quintet
"...the feral edge of what has made us."
Mary Lee Settle 44
Nancy Carol Joyner

From the Director
Richard Blaustein

Vietnam veterans and returning mothers were among my very favorite students when I first began teaching sociology, anthropology and folklore at East Tennessee State University in the fall of 1970. None of the examinations or assignments I gave them could even begin to compare with the real life tests they had already passed; unlike many of their younger, complacent classmates, they had good reason to savor the precious freedom of being able to carry on intelligent discussions with thoughtful peers in peaceful surroundings. Their backgrounds and experiences contributed substance to our classroom conversations, and on the whole I believe I learned more from them than they ever got out of my musings about human symbols, societies and cultural constructions of reality. Particularly, friends and former students who founded Chapter 174 of the Vietnam Veterans of America in Johnson City helped me understand the process of "coming to terms with the unspeakable;" coping with the psychological and emotional aftereffects of experiences that challenge our very ability to make sense out of the world around us.

Nations and regions as well as individuals are marked by the lingering effects of war and strife, and this is certainly true of the Southern Appalachians. Though Appalachia is often perceived to be isolated and homogeneous, actually it has always been a borderland characterized by divergent, conflicting lifestyles and philosophies. According to historian Thomas Jefferson Wertenbaker, antagonism between Tuckahoes (aristocratic slave-holders) and Cohees (egalitarian yeoman freeholders) had already emerged in the South before the American Revolution. In the Appalachian region, these social tensions were further complicated by ethnic and sectarian animosities between English, Scots-Irish and German settlers. It is curious to think that the same lead mines owned by the Quaker Embree family on the Nolichucky River in what is now Upper East Tennessee not only provided the bullets which helped the Overmountain Men defeat the British at King's Mountain but also the type which printed America's first anti-slavery newspaper, *The Manumission Intelligencer*, published in Jonesborough. With the outbreak of the Civil War, East Tennessee and other sections of the mountain-rimmed borderland drained by the Ohio River were literally caught in the middle of the struggle between the Union and Confederacy. Vicious guerrilla warfare involving bushwhackers, bridge-burners, and night-riding home guards brought the horrors of true civil war into the Appalachian South, setting the stage for the infamous mountain feuds which disrupted some unfortunate sections well after the turn of this century. The fact that the majority of southern mountaineers upheld the Union cause branded them as traitors and Tories in the eyes of Rebels; when former Confederates returned to political power following the demise of Reconstruction, vengeful flatland legislators punished mountain counties by withholding needed appropriations for schools, roads and other essentials. In large measure, then, Appalachian alienation and underdevelopment can be seen as part of the living legacy of a war which still continues to divide Americans more than 120 years after Appomattox.

If we follow the premise of Ross Spears' latest film, *Long Shadows*, to its logical conclusion (see review in this issue), not only are Appalachians and Americans in general still fighting the battles and dealing with the psychic aftermath of the Civil War but all of the wars America has fought since then. On the national as well as personal level, war forces us to redefine our identities and reconsider our place in the grand scheme of human events. In the final analysis, war makes us realize that while freedom may not just be another word for nothing left to lose, it also means different things to different people in different times and places; the preservation of our own freedoms may well depend upon our ability to respect, understand and come to terms with those differences.

It has been highly satisfying to see this magazine develop over these past few years and I hope you enjoy what you find in this latest issue of ***Now and Then***. Please help us support ***Now and Then*** and other projects of the ETSU Center for Appalachian Studies and Services by becoming a Friend of CASS. Individual subscriptions are $7.50 for three issues; institutional subscriptions are $10 per year. Larger contributions will help support the activities of the CASS Fellowship Program, which is underwriting artistic, scholarly and public service projects serving the Southern Appalachian region and its people. Make your check or money order payable to: CASS/ETSU Foundation, Box 19180A, ETSU, Johnson City, Tennessee 37614-0002. We've come a long way in a short time. Stay with us.

Korean shrine in Nha Trang, Vietnam. Photo by Danny Julian, Johnson City, Tennessee.

From the Editor

Pat Arnow

The inspiration for this issue came during a writers' group at which ETSU English professor Ron Giles read some work he called the *Phu Bai Poems*. They had to do with his experience as a serviceman in Vietman. The poems were electrifying and revealed a side of Ron that the others in the group had known nothing about.

Now and Then's poetry editor Jo Carson and I wanted to hear from other veterans as well. We felt they had some strong things to say but had often kept their stories to themselves. We wanted to open a conduit.

We knew from research done by Steve Giles, Chief of Psychology Service at the Mountain Home Veterans Administration Medical Center, that Appalachian soldiers had died at higher rates in Vietnam than soldiers from other parts of the country. We thought Appalachians would have a lot to say about war and its aftermath. Thus we began planning an issue on Appalachian veterans.

Bert Allen, associate professor of psychology at Milligan College was, at that time, doing research on the aftereffects of being a prisoner of war on World War II veterans. His reasons for caring about veterans were both personal and social. His experience as a Vietnam veteran gave him strong feelings about peace and war. He agreed to be our guest editor.

The material we have gathered did not disappoint us. One man, not a writer, dropped off a long story called "Green Fields Turned Red." He had written it, he said said, to get what he did and what happened to him in Vietnam out of himself. The document was raw, shocking, frightening. He said he would like us to publish it because he hoped others would learn from words those things he had to learn from brutal experience.

Most of the other stories and poetry that we gathered, from established writers and from new ones, carry an edge of pain. It wasn't easy for those who shared their stories to talk and write about their lives. Some of the work isn't easy to read either. But we hope to honor veterans of Appalachia by sharing this work, by reading, by listening and by learning from them.

I would like to add a special thanks for help on this issue to the members of the East Tennessee Chapter of the American ex-Prisoners of War, to the Johnson City Chapter 174 of Vietnam Veterans of America, to the Veterans of Foreign Wars of the U.S., John Sevier Post 2108 and to my husband Steve Giles.

★ ★ ★

Courtesy of the National Archives

Private Frank Sovicki, Shenandoah, Pennsylvania, the first American soldier to escape from a German prison camp. He is a Polish-American and was captured at Hill 304 near Chateau Thierry.

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From the Archives
Norma Thomas & Marie Tedesco

The methods of warfare may change over generations, but the strains of the exposure to death and of the long separation from family and friends are apparent in the letters of soldiers in the wars of both the 19th and 20th centuries. In a letter dated July 25, 1861, Confederate soldier J.H. Hamilton wrote to his fiancee of his experience in Charlottesville:

There we met the wounded, the sick, and dead from the battlefield of Manassas. I saw one poor fellow who was shot through the head. He was lying in a box, all bloody, just as he came from the field of battle.

In the same letter, he told his fiancee that he had dreamed of "being at home" and "of seeing you." He stated, "Oh, I was so disappointed when I awakened and found it all a dream." A collection of letters from William Brewer to his wife Gladys during World War II express similar desires to return home and concern over the well-being of family members when news from home was not forthcoming.

The Archives of Appalachia holds several collections of papers containing information on the Civil War, World War I and World War II. Of special interest are photocopied typescripts of four Civil War diaries: Finley Patterson Curtis, Rufus A. Spainhour, Theodore A. Honour and Mary L. Pearre Hamilton. The diaries, some of which include correspondence, offer insight into the writers' reflections on war, descriptions of military activity and the stress created by the long separation from family members. The archives also has a small collection of letters written to Colonel John H. Crawford of Jonesborough, Tennessee which relate to the recruitment of men and mustering into service of the Confederate Tennessee 60th Mounted Infantry. The Burton-Manning collection of audio tapes includes oral renditions of stories relating to events of the Civil War and World War I.

In addition to the Burton-Manning audio tapes, the papers of Congressman B. Carroll Reece and Le Roy Reeves include materials reflecting each man's participation in World War I. From a different perspective, the Thomas Highley Morris Papers contain a series of files created from the attorney's efforts to assist World War I veterans in receiving their disability claims. The archives also holds a set of photographs collected by Harry Range which depict gruesome battlefield scenes.

The archives' materials on World War II largely consist of Clifford Maxwell's negatives resulting from his service as a photographer for the Navy; photographs collected and taken by Tom Daniels, formerly the photographer for ETSU; and pictures William Brewer sent his wife during his tour of duty in North Africa. The Gladys Addington Brewer Papers also include a collection of letters from her husband during the war and materials reflecting her work as an Army camp hostess.

At present, the Archives of Appalachia does not hold any material on either the Korean or Vietnam wars. It is important that every effort be made to preserve letters, certificates, diaries and memorabilia documenting recent periods while the material is still in existence.

For more information write or call the Archives of Appalachia, Sherrod Library, Box 22450A, East Tennessee State University, Johnson City, Tennessee 37614-0002, (615) 929-4338.

From the Museum
Helen Roseberry

For several years, the Reece Museum staff and many of its patrons have been aware that our exhibition of historical artifacts has become stagnant and outmoded. Planning of renovations began in 1981 and has progressed steadily since. In March, 1986, with funding from the Tennessee Arts Commission and the Center for Appalachian Studies and Services, consultants from the Tennessee State Museum and the Smithsonian Institution met with the Reece staff to study the space and collection to develop a renovation format.

Renovation began in this fiscal year with relocation of a storage area, repositioning of the log cabin which has dominated the exhibition since its original installation, refurbishment and insulation of the walls, and repainting of walls and ceilings. An outline showing the chronological history of *Upper* East Tennessee has been developed and a storyline is currently being drafted by Dr. Eric Lacy, Professor in ETSU's history department. Serving as design consultant for the project is Deborah Bretzfelder, Chief Designer, Smithsonian Institution, National Museum of American History.

This exhibition will be the first of its kind, touting the heritage of *Upper* East Tennessee. As we research for this project, it becomes apparent that Upper East Tennessee holds a very significant place in the history of the entire state. The Upper East Tennessee region is rich in heritage with contributions from the likes of Andrew Johnson, William Blount, Andrew Jackson, John Sevier, Samuel Doak, William Bean, David Crockett, Daniel Boone, the native peoples, and many others.

Our design consultant was and is quite impressed with the objects in our collection and with the wealth of information with which we have to work. Through funding from CASS, the many talents of the Reece staff, the interest and energy of Deborah Bretzfelder and Eric Lacy, and the support of University administration, an exhibition worthy of *Upper* East Tennessee residents will result.

The staff itself is excited and inspired along with Bretzfelder and Lacy as we look forward to the months ahead. We invite you to share our vision.

More Than Our Share of Heroes

Mountaineers in Combat

Ed Price

"Appalachians make good soldiers. Everybody knows that. They know it, we know it, the military knows it. Our region respects the fighting men and reveres its veterans. In war, when the fighting gets thick, somehow a bunch of Southern mountaineers seem to be at the front," says Dr. Steven Giles, chief of Psychology Service of the Veterans Administration Medical Center at Mountain Home in Johnson City, Tennessee.

This psychologist, who has worked extensively with Vietnam veterans, has found an unfortunate result of this pattern. Soldiers from Appalachia were most likely to die in Vietnam. The figures he has compiled also suggest that Appalachian soldiers suffered more trauma-related combat stress disorders than soldiers from other regions of the United States.

Yet today many Appalachian veterans are out of reach of help they need because the Veterans Administration concentrates its programs in urban areas.

"We want people to know there is an epidemic of combat-related stress syndromes affecting soldiers from the mountains, and that there are serious barriers to their receiving adequate care," Giles says.

Giles first became aware of the lopsided numbers when he was working in West Virginia for the Vietnam Veterans Readjustment Counseling Program. He had worked with Vietnam veterans in Denver but in West Virginia he was seeing a larger proportion of combat veterans. He began to study the figures.

"Your chances of being in Vietnam were somewhat higher if you were from the city, but your chances of being killed in Vietnam were much higher if you were from the country, and that was doubly true if you were from Appalachia. The data suggest that the increased likelihood might be as high as 20 to 25 percent," says Giles.

He found that the national average was 58.9 battle deaths for every 100,000 males in the population. States with Appalachian areas had especially high numbers. They included West Virginia at 84.1 (the highest rate in the nation), Alabama at 70.9, Georgia at 68.9, South Carolina at 68.8, Tennessee at 66.4, Kentucky at 65.4 and North Carolina at 62.5.

And Giles found, "The rates for the Appalachian region of East Tennessee, Southeast Ohio and Eastern Kentucky approximately matched those of West Virginia, all of which indicate that if you were from the Appalachian region of those states, you were much more likely to be a casualty."

From these figures Giles draws the conclusion that Appalachian soldiers saw more combat—either because they were assigned more combat duty or volunteered for hazardous assignments. The reason for this stems from the mystique about Appalachian heroism and skill and attitudes about God and country, Giles believes. He calls this mind-set, "The Sergeant York Syndrome." Alvin York, a hero of World War I, hailed

Continued on page 7

Ed Price

The Making of a Legend
Alvin Cullum York

The myth of the rugged heroic mountaineer has at its base the tradition of guns and the stories of such folk heros as Sgt. York. Alvin York lived in a time and place where it was impossible to go driving off to the nearest Food Lion for a pound of hamburger for supper. Hunting was the only way a poor family could put meat on the table. York belonged to such a family. His father died in 1911. Most of Alvin's siblings had already left home and he assumed responsibility for the farm and the blacksmith shop. Income was sparse and to provide the family much-needed food, York became a crack shot.

When he was drafted into the Army in 1917, York was a conscientious objector. He had been appointed Second Elder at The Church of Christ and Christian Union in Pall Mall, Tennessee; he believed and trusted in his Bible, especially in its admonition, "Thou shalt not kill."

He found himself at odds between his duty to his country and his religious beliefs. Twice he applied for a deferment on the basis of his theology and twice he was rejected. York realized he either had to accept his induction or spend the rest of his life dodging the law. He entered the Army.

Courtesy of the National Archives

American soldiers who fought with Sgt. York were buried where they fell in the Argonne Forest.

York's superiors took his religious convictions seriously. Major George Buxton, who had a respectable command of the scriptures, set about convincing York to fight. York came to believe that he was God's chosen warrior; that he must kill in order to save lives. America's war with Germany became a holy war for York. He had faith that God would protect him in battle and that he would return home in one piece.

On October 8, 1918, York and a patrol of 16 men were roaming the Argonne Forest in France, searching out German machine gun nests that had been spraying American troops for several days. The patrol blundered into a group of about 20 Germans. Only a few shots were exchanged because the Germans were unprepared for a fight. The group was taken prisoner by the Americans. As the Yanks prepared to march the prisoners to their own lines, they were peppered with bullets.

About 40 yards to the left, on the crest of a nearby hill, was an entire battalion of machine guns.

Nine Americans became immediate casualties. York dived between two bushes and was unhurt. The rest of the patrol was pinned down by machine guns. York looked up to the crest of the hill. One machine gunner poked his head up to see the result of the firing. York picked him off with his rifle. Four more peeked over the crest to see where the shot had come from. York killed them, too.

By this time the surviving machine gunners had located York in the bushes and opened fire. Bullets tore up the ground around him, but none hit York. Every time a German rose above the line of the hill to aim his rifle, the Tennessean killed him. And each time that he did, York prayed that God would have mercy on the man's soul.

By now the enemy realized they were fighting only one man. A German lieutenant and seven soldiers prepared to rush him with bayonets. They charged down the hill and York, his rifle being empty, picked them off with his pistol. Their bodies formed a line down the hillside.

By this time one of the prisoners, a German major, offered to order his machine gunners to surrender. "Do it," York said.

With the 90 Germans who surrendered on the hillside, York and the survivors of his patrol had more than 100 prisoners. A few more Germans picked up along the way back to the American lines swelled the number to 132. Before the rumors among American troops in the trenches stopped that day, York was said to have single-handedly captured half the German army and the Kaiser as well.

In recognition of his heroism, York received the Congressional Medal of Honor, the French *Croix de Guerre* and a host of other honors. But it was not the military that turned York into a household word. It was the press who made him a popular culture hero.

The *Saturday Evening Post*, the magazine with the largest circulation in America, published the story in the April 26, 1919, issue.

The publication of that article assured York's fame. The offers began to roll in. There were proposals to endorse products like card games; proposals to appear in vaudeville and the movies. York turned down every offer. He was a man of principle. He made it known he wanted to use his fame to bring progress to his home, poverty-stricken Fentress County, Tennessee.

America liked the image of a mountain boy who had met the enemy on his own ground and had soundly drubbed him. And they liked York the humanitarian.

But the public did not or could not know that for years Alvin York was plagued with nightmares. He would avoid the subject every time someone brought up that day in Argonne.

— Ed Price

For more about Sergeant York see review on page 42.

from the Appalachian area of Tennessee.

"Both words, 'York' and 'syndrome,' are devices to encourage people to consider a whole constellation of issues that impact on why a select group of the overall population died in Vietnam," he says.

The most important lesson from these figures, Giles thinks, is that attitudes about heroes can cause casualties in battle.

The mystique of heroism and skill can be linked to the mountaineers' love of guns. "The tradition does not celebrate command, rank or strategy," says Dr. Charles Walter, another psychologist at the Mountain Home VA. "Although it is soldierly, it is not essentially militaristic. Uniforms, regimental honors and formal military organization are not part of the tradition. In fact the Tennessean is often depicted as fighting an enemy who has those trappings. The tradition lends itself to the notion of the individualistic, mobile, non-conforming man, who, on the rack of his pickup truck, has the rifle he learned to use as a boy."

This love of guns is supported by the stories of veterans at Mountain Home. One of Sgt. York's cousins who was a patient there recently told Giles that he had gotten his first gun at the age of six—a .22 rifle. He was 12 when he got his first shotgun. He got a pistol in his early teens and just before he went into the Army, he bought a 30-30 rifle. "This is not an unusual case," Giles says.

An informal survey I conducted among 100 veterans at Mountain Home confirmed the psychologist's point. I asked two questions: At what age did you get your first gun and how many guns did you own when you entered the service?

Only three veterans said they never owned a gun. Of the 97 who did, the usual age for that first gun was eight or nine, with the earliest being five and the latest being 15. Most of those first guns were single-shot .22 rifles. Shotguns usually came later, at age 10 or 11.

In answer to the second question about the number of guns owned when inducted into the service, the average was two; usually they had a rifle and a shotgun.

The evidence gathered informally at

Continued on page 8

In the Shadow of Six Mile Mountain

Six Mile Mountain is not much of a scenic wonder by most mountain standards, but it is significant around here in that it is the first promontory of the Blue Ridge in central Pickens County, South Carolina. It stands all alone, surrounded by rural communities and very deep-rooted people. The folks of Six Mile and beyond are considered "mountain people" in the old-time tradition.

Four Congressional Medal of Honor winners grew up in sight of Six Mile Mountain. Three grew up in its shadow. Because of these four men, Pickens County has more winners of the country's highest combat medal per capita than any county in the nation, according to the Pickens Office of Veterans' Affairs.

Two of the winners fought in World War II. Pfc. William A. McWhorter was fighting in the Philippines on December 5, 1944, where a Japanese demolition squad was besieging his position. In the face of McWhorter's fire, one threw a live charge into the gunners' trench. McWhorter picked up the grenade, bent over it and turned away as it exploded. His companions were saved. He was killed instantly. A building at Fort Jackson and a bridge on US 178 over US 123 are named in his honor.

Pfc. Furman L. Smith, one of 10 children, was 19 and engaged to Aline Rampey when he died May 31, 1944, near Lanuvio, Italy. As his group advanced on a German position, 80 Germans began firing at close range. His company fell back but the squad leader and another soldier had fallen. Smith would not leave them. He sheltered his wounded comrades with shell craters and then faced the enemy alone, still firing. He died with his rifle in his hand, The road that winds past his home below Six Mile is named for him.

Pfc. Charles H. Barker died in hand-to-hand combat on an approach to "Pork Chop Outpost" in Korea on June 4, 1953. His patrol surprised an enemy party on the slope. While Barker and a companion covered their advance, the patrol moved up the hill, but the enemy began firing. Barker's group was too short of ammunition to withstand the attack. He moved into an open area and fired alone as his comrades withdrew. When he ran out of ammunition, Barker fought to his death. He was 18.

Marine Lance Cpl. James Donnie Howe, died at 22 in a bamboo thicket in Vietnam on May 6, 1970. Friends say he had planned to marry his sweetheart, Donna Wade. But in the predawn darkness, enemy grenades began hitting his group's position. Howe threw himself upon one, sparing his friends.

This kind of selfless loyalty is not particularly astonishing in this area and does not, as some outsiders have suggested, reflect a combative nature, so much as it does an ingrained penchant to "do right"—and a natural antipathy to bullies.

— Dot Jackson

Dot Jackson is a reporter for the Greenville News-Piedmont and lives in Six Mile, South Carolina.

Congressional Medal of Honor Appalachians and the highest decoration for valor

In both the Korean and the Vietnam Wars, the nation's highest decoration for valor was awarded to Appalachian soldiers at a higher rate than to soldiers from other parts of the country.

In the Korean War 9% of military personnel came from the Appalachian region. Yet, of the total number of Congressional Medals of Honor awarded, 18% (23 out of 131) were won by Appalachian soldiers.

In the Vietnam War, the Appalachian soldier represented 8% of the total in military service. Yet, 13% (31 out of 239) of the Congressional Medals of Honor were won by natives of the Appalachian region.

The figures dispel one perception of the region, yet reinforce a second. The dispelled perception is the impression that Appalachians serve more than their share in the military. Their rate of service in recent wars was actually lower than the national average. The perception reinforced is the courageous and dangerous service offered by those from the Appalachian region who do enter military service.

— Bert Allen

For the purposes of this study, the Appalachian region was defined in the way the Appalachian Regional Commission defines it. All of West Virginia and portions of 12 other states were included. The data have been analyzed using the Chi-square statistic. Thanks to Jerry Pickard of the Appalachian Regional Commission for providing many useful figures.

Mountain Home supports the "Sgt. York Syndrome" theory. Most of the veterans said they *were* treated differently by their superiors, though no one would admit he wanted it that way. In the heat of combat no one would admit that he personally entertained any notion about being a hero.

Said one veteran: "I was terrified. I did some dumb things—then I wonder how I got back alive. The Southerners in my unit egged me on with this macho crap and I reckon I egged them some, too. It was the thing to do. Then we'd show off for the Northerners in the unit and show them how proud we Georgia boys would be to go out on patrol. It was all bullshit. But at the same time I think we all really believed it back then. Or maybe we thought is was our goddamn Southern duty to believe it."

And Giles and other health professionals see the results of the unromantic side of the tradition "in the number of Appalachians who died or who suffer post-war physical, mental or social problems."

★ ★ ★

Ed Price has been a free-lance photojournalist for 20 years. He's from Frederick, Maryland and now lives in Johnson City.

Ed Price

Psychologist Steven Giles adopts the character of Alvin York to talk about the aftereffects of war. He has used this persona in a videotape produced by the Medical Media Service at the Veterans Administration Medical Center of Mountain Home. He uses the program, "York and the Appalachian Combat Soldier" in presentations to community, professional and veterans' groups.

PHU BAI

62nd Aviation Elects a Mascot

These two dogs just trotted in and took up—
a big brown one, favored by the officers
who let it lap beer from a saucer
and kept it in a rotor box
beneath their hootch,
and a little black mutt, fed by the EM
who let her sleep in the bunker
next to the three-seater
where the sand smelled.
Dave Hall, from long *a*, long *o*,
El Dorado, Arkansas,
said the enlisted dog
was a lucky canebrake bitch
and called her Clubs.
But the old man ordered a vote
and said we had
to pitch the loser over the concertina
to mama-san.
We knew Clubs had it bagged
because we outnumbered them,
but the brown dog won.
Dave Hall said it gerrymandered in.
Once she cleared that wire,
Clubs snapped at mama-san, wiggled down,
sideswiped a rocket crater,
and rounding a bamboo stand,
ran for my life.

...And in the Civil War

It is a fact worthy of note that East Tennessee furnished more troops to the Federal army than any section of the Union in proportion to its population. The male population of East Tennessee in 1860 between the ages of 18 and 45 years was 45,000. Out of this population the lowest estimate of troops who joined the Federal army places them at 30,000, the exact number put down in the statistics of the Government is 31,092, besides a large number that joined the Confederate army. This large proportion of troops to the population is explained to some extent by the fact that many joined the army both over and under the legal military age.

...And history seems to bear out the fact that in all times those people who inhabit mountainous countries are endowed with a lofty spirit of patriotism and loyalty to country, and are the first to respond to its call when menaced by foreign or domestic foes. Hence arises the fact that East Tennessee, and the mountain sections of adjoining States, have always furnished more than their proportion of volunteers in all the wars in which our country has been engaged.

★ ★ ★

from ***History of the Thirteenth Regiment Tennessee Volunteer Cavalry U.S.A.*** *by Samuel W. Scott and Samuel P. Angel, 1903.*
See review of new reprint on page 43.

POEMS

Ron Giles

Moon Over Phu Bai

Top swapped the seabees
two bottles of scotch
for lumber
and built a porch
on his hootch.
We sat there with Dave Hall
and watched the moon
the first time they walked on it.
I said the scriptures prophesied
it would turn to blood,
and Top (whose name I swear was Tommy Tell)
said the Mets would win the pennant too.
Top and Dave Hall laughed,
and Top held his knuckles out
and said,
feel that moon drip.

Courtesy of the U.S. Army

Bunker emplacement of Battery "B," Second Battalion, 138th Artillery at Fire Support Base "Tomahawk," located approximately 20 miles south of Phu Bai, Vietnam.

Straining

Every evening after chow
this mama-san from Hue
chugged in on a motorcart
and bought two cans of slop
from the mess sergeant,
who couldn't solve
why he was missing so many spoons.
All these spoons MIA
and no 'counting for them,
until we were playing poker one night
and Dave Hall said,
"Sarge, papa-san on the KP line
slips the spoons in the slop."
The next night
Nicolas the second cook
strained the slop with a dip net,
and Sarge, papa-san, and mama-san
stood in a soundless semicircle
and watched him like he was digging a grave.
He scooped up six
in the silence that saves
silverware and face.
Dave Hall said it was how
rituals began,
with a man like Nicolas
bent to the slop cans
seining for spoons.

Rainy Season

Before the last monsoon,
under the drenching sun,
we hunched in teams of six
to lay the PSP,
hauling each plank like a coffin,
dropping the serried edge
into the fitted side
of its grounded mate.
When we finished the pad,
we lounged on a bunker
and watched the Hueys sway in,
hovering down like witch doctors.
Beyond the levee road we saw the Cobras
lace fire from their dark hoods,
but we felt safe, knowing the rain
would fall
and the war skid to a natural truce.
Two weeks later,
washed down in a gully,
the planking leaned like tombstones,
strown by vandals: the road,
wiped like sweat into the South China Sea.

★ ★ ★

Ron Giles is an assistant professor of English at ETSU and a Vietnam veteran.

MEDAL of HONOR

Fred Chappell

I Am One of You Forever, *Fred Chappell's 1985 novel (published by Louisiana State University Press) introduced a lively North Carolina family, the Kirkmans. The author is now working on a new book about the same family.* ***Medal of Honor*** *is an excerpt from that work. In it, the father of the family, Joe Robert, teaches high school. At this point in the story, he has been asked to see Mr. Pobble, the principal. Joe Robert believes he is about to be upbraided (or even fired) for some practical jokes he pulled on his fellow teachers. Instead he finds the parents of a former student are waiting in the principal's office to see him.*

"Good morning, Joe Robert," the principal said. "I'm sure you remember the Dorsons, Pruitt and Ginny."

"Oh yes," my father said. He shook hands with Pruitt and nodded to his wife. "How are you-all getting along?"

They gave no answer to his question, and he had expected none. They were silent farm folk, both of them from the true oldtime mountain stock, shy and ill at ease in any public situation. Pruitt owned a rocky little ancestral farm far in the obscurities of Bear Creek Cove. Hard to imagine how he'd ever fed and clothed a family on those flinty acres, but he had done so and done it well—four stalwart boys and two devout and industrious girls. Salt of the earth, as people said, and my father thought that the phrase lacked force.

He had met them before, in painful public circumstances. Their son Lewis had returned home a highly decorated war hero. He had sustained a terrible chest wound in Italy. Surgery had done wonders, but he was a changed young man, hollow-eyed now and haunted. The wound was beneath his shirt. Didn't that make it more terrible, hidden away? Was he not still always in pain? There would be no way to know; Lewis was his parents' child, he didn't care to display personal feeling.

But on this occasion it was his duty to do so. He had to give a public speech and exhibit himself before neighbors and strangers as a bona fide hero. My father had commiserated profoundly. Quiet almost to the point of utter silence, Lewis would turn scarlet when called upon in class and drop his head and mumble inaudibly. Still he was a good student, interested, if not precisely curious, following everything that went on in class—especially in the General Science class—with unaltering attention. They had never been close, but my father felt a bond with Lewis; he admired his serious and gentle comportment and his willingness toward his life.

Not the sort of boy expected to turn out a war hero. But who can predict courage or desperation or whatever accidents and qualities account for valor in combat? It seemed to my father that Lewis' quietness had been an index to his courage all

along. It wouldn't have been easy for him even to attend school, all that youthful racket and enforced socializing. Always easy to think of Lewis as a solitary figure in the fields and woods, happier away from people, happy with his dog and the slow seasons of nature. It was the mountaineer strain, as fine in Lewis as it might have been a hundred years ago.

The War Department had arranged a Lewis Dorson Day in Tipton. There must have been hundreds of like celebrations across the country, the effort to sell war bonds tied in with local heroes. But there could have been few young men for whom the occasion was so excruciating as for Lewis. He would have faced the guns at Anzio with more equanimity.

On the softball field in the middle of town they had set up a platform, tacked bunting around it and draped it with flags; and from a fortunate high school in the next county they borrowed a marching band. The front page of the weekly Tipton *Intelligencer* was given over to Lewis, five separate stories and four photographs, including a picture of the Dorson homestead, a weathered tin roof shack perched on a rocky ridge, a tilted well housing on one side and a smokehouse on the other. In the grainy background of the photo appeared the dim lines of the outhouse.

Pruitt and Ginny had refused to speak, but did agree to sit on the platform and rise when introduced. The Dorsons' family Baptist minister offered a prayer as fierce as a tiger and too long by a mile. Lewis had chosen my father as his favorite teacher, so the task fell to him to say that Lewis was a good boy and a fine student. But he said instead that Lewis was a fine boy and a good student. Then the mayor—whom my father couldn't abide (he was also a member of the school board)—had told the stories of Lewis' bravery in combat. By now we all knew these stories by heart; yet we were glad to hear them again. They composed a transfixing account of cool self-possession and resourcefulness. Even Lewis listened closely, but with an expression suggesting that he could not quite credit the words.

Then it was his turn. He rose and walked slowly, not lifting his eyes from his feet until he had reached the safety of the lectern. He spoke just the phrases that time and occasion required. There was nothing personal, nor even distinctive, in what he said; he read from typewritten pages undoubtedly supplied him by the War Department. But he read audibly and correctly, his hands not shaking too badly and his trembling knees hidden by the lectern panel. Before our proud eyes he mastered what might have been the worst fear he'd known until that hour.

No one would remember the modest platitudes, but many would remember his red-faced bravery.

Then it was over and Lewis shook hands with all the people on the platform, even—blindly—his mother, and the band played, and a surprising number of people filed to the booth at third base to invest in War Bonds. There was a strong consensus of opinion: *Ole Lewis done real good, didn't he? Mighty fine speech.*

And that was the last time my father had seen Pruitt and Ginny Dorson—six years ago, during his first brief stint as a teacher. They had hardly changed, though of course they looked out of place, bewildered here in the principal's office. Maybe Pruitt was a little leaner, had weathered a little more grayly; and maybe Ginny had put on a few gentle pounds. Otherwise he could find little difference—except in the air of dark sorrow about them at this moment. Their quietness had hardened.

They all took seats in the uncomfortable straight chairs, and Mr. Pobble spoke to my father in a set level tone like a doctor delivering a medical verdict. "We have some bad news, Joe Robert. Lewis is dead."

"Oh Lord," my father said. But he had known as much. It would take the most serious sort of business to bring Pruitt and Ginny to the school, to a large public place. "That's an awful thing to hear." He was glad that Don Pobble had spoken; Pruitt Dorson might not have manged to say the words. There was more tact in Pobble than my father had recognized. "When did it happen?"

"It was last week, wasn't it, Pruitt?" Pobble asked.

He spoke slowly, softly, but his hill twang was as distinct in the office as mandolin notes. "It was in Detroit city, where Lewis was helping them people make cars. We didn't know nothing till last Sunday and we went up there and they buried him on Tuesday. They had doctors going over him after he was dead, I don't know why. And then we couldn't bring him back home.

"He's buried in Detroit?" my father asked.

"He's buried up there in the biggest graveyard you could think of. A multitude of stranger graves. And then we couldn't bring him back."

He knew how much that meant to them, how they would want him in their little Baptist churchyard. Or maybe on one of the back hilltops there was a family plot, shining with birdsong, with wildflowers.

"How did it happen?"

Ginny Dorson stopped looking into my father's face now and her mouth thinned to a line like a razor cut and her hands clenched in her lap. That was as much grief as she would show here. She was not defeated, not broken, but her raw determination made her look more alien than ever, painful in her blue flowered dress.

"He was shot with a pistol," Pruitt said. "That was all they would tell me. Them policemens couldn't say no more than that. They didn't nobody know Lewis up there. He was just killed and nobody knowed anything, nobody didn't care. He was just a stranger in that place, and then he was dead there."

"It's a terrible thing," my father said. "I didn't even hear he'd gone up to Detroit."

"He went to find a job. That's what he said he did. But it wasn't no job, he was all restless. He didn't need no money, what with disability. He just couldn't find no peace after he come out of the service. Get in the truck and ride the roads all day and all night and even when he was home he couldn't sleep. Walk up and down the porch all night till sunrise. Sometimes he might sleep a little bit when it got sun-up."

"He was unhappy," my father said. "We'll never feel how he felt."

"He couldn't have no peace. He

left all his peace over there in the foreign lands. We don't believe our boy ever came back to us, Ginny and me."

"But you got to see him. So many of them, in their graves there, we never even got to see again."

"No," Pruitt said sharply. He made an edgy silence in the room. "We was cheated about that, him back here but not in spirit, not really with us."

"Yes, all right," my father said. "I see how you felt apart. There must have been a great many soldiers who came back like that."

"We have prayed there wouldn't be," Pruitt said. "We prayed there wouldn't be mothers and daddies that had to go through where we been."

"Yes," my father said.

—But he was thinking of Johnson Gibbs, who had been like his brother, or like his son, and buried now in our own family plot in Bright Hill Cemetery, and how that was no comfort, not in the least, simply to know where he lay after he was killed in the Army and shipped back in a box, how the telegram that told us wouldn't leave us be till it had made us crazy with visions and longing. He wished he could think about Lewis, but Lewis made him think of Johnson, and think of all the good times past and gone, and all the time left in the world that Johnson would have no share in...

Oh yes he does, he is beside us now even as I tell you this story.

"We felt obliged," Pruitt said. "We was just going to send word and then we talked about it and decided we better come and see you." He drew a worn bulky leather shotgun shell pouch from his jacket pocket and set it on his sharp knee, let it balance there without touching it again with his hands. "Lewis thought a lot of you," he said. "He thought you were a good sort of man and he was tickled at how you would tomfool around. He used to make us laugh like cats at the supper table, telling something you said or done."

"I see," my father said. But he didn't. He had never imagined Lewis laughing, that boy so redfaced serious.

"We didn't know what to think about that. We can't claim to much schooling, Ginny and me, and we thought maybe the schoolmaster ought to be more serious minded. But it tickled Lewis about you and we knowed he was a good boy and maybe it was all right."

Don Pobble said, "Joe Robert has a famous sense of humor."

My father gave the dry little man a warning glance, but Pruitt took no notice. "I can't hardly even read. I can read in the Bible all right, but in some other book I can't make no headway. I used to watch how Lewis would pleasure in books I couldn't make nothing of." At last he stopped searching my father's face and dropped his gaze to the pouch.

"Lewis was a good student," my father said.

"I don't know if all so many books is a great good thing. I done all right, and my daddy before me, with only the Bible. But if it made Lewis proud to know the books, that would be fine with us."

"The way the world is now, we have to read the books," my father said. "We don't want them writing things about us we don't know."

The gray farmer leaned so far forward it seemed he might topple, and Ginny touched his left arm to warn him. My father could smell the odors of him now, the salt of flannel underwear and lye-washed denim, the sweetness of leaf-mulch and newly turned soil and cow. He peered from his crouched position into my father's eyes as if he were searching out something in a treetop. Then he straightened up.

It was the pain then, my father thought, that clutched his backbone and doubled him over. It'll be a miracle if that pain doesn't kill him soon. Then he realized it wouldn't. Pruitt would live with it; it would be with him in the fields at noon and in his house at midnight, but it wouldn't kill him.

"I hear tell you lost a boy in the war."

"Not my boy, no," my father said. "A young man close to me. Part of the family."

Pruitt seemed satisfied with this answer, as if my father had passed a test. For the moment his agony had exhausted itself. He thumbed open the latch of the shell pouch. The leather was dark and glossy and so old it must have belonged to his father or grandfather. He offered the pouch to my father, then changed his mind and took it back and dumped the contents into his lap. A double handful of shiny smudged ribbon and spotty brass. "They gave him all these medals," he said. "To be proud of."

"Yes," my father said. "We're supposed to be proud of them."

Then Ginny stood up. She rose quickly and decisively, smoothed down her awkward blue flowered dress and said, "Excuse me. I need to visit the ladies'." Her manner made it clear she had planned to leave at this point; and she had not told Pruitt.

He looked at her, surprised. "Wait a minute," he said.

"No," she said. "I need to go."

Don Pobble came from behind his desk and went round and opened the door for her. "It's right down the hall," he said. "You ask Mrs. Whateley here and she'll show you."

Ginny nodded and, keeping her eyes fixed on the floor, squeezed past him at the door and went out. He closed it gently behind her.

"It's too much for her," Pruitt said. "She's a strong woman, but it's too much."

"Will she be all right?" Don Pobble asked. "Should I ask Dorothy to go with her?"

"No," Pruitt said. "She don't want no company. She just don't want to be in here right now." He gathered a handful of the medals and held them out like coins. "But we decided on this together, Ginny and me. She knows what we wanted to do."

Don Pobble sat behind the desk again. "What had you decided?"

"We wanted Mr. Kirkman here to take one of these medals if he'd have it. To remember Lewis by."

"I don't know, Pruitt," my father said. "That doesn't seem right."

"Lewis didn't take no pride in them. He stuck them in a shoebox under the bed and never took them out. Might as well of buried them. But we wanted you to have something, one of these." He hefted them, as if gauging their weight.

"It doesn't seem right," my father said. "These are things that have to

be earned."

"He would do his duty, like they told him," Pruitt said. "He wouldn't do nothing just to get these."

"No, but—"

"We thought you might've wanted a remembrance." He thrust them almost directly in my father's face, a soiled and gleaming jumble of faultless honors.

My father saw, with fine relief, that Lewis' Purple Heart was not among them. He sighed a hard sigh and made himself relax. With a quick stubborn twist of his wrist he lifted one from the tangle as if he were plucking a weed from a flower bed. He stared at it in his blunt fingers, stiff little rectangle of ribbed green and red silk, striped like a Christmas candy. He had no idea what it signified, and hoped that it was nothing more than a good conduct ribbon from boot camp. He showed it to Pruitt for his approval and the farmer nodded grayly, without looking.

"I don't need this," he said, "to remember Lewis. We're all going to remember."

"That wouldn't mean so much. Strangers and all. But I'm obliged for you to take one."

"I'll be keeping it," my father said. "I'll put it somewhere."

Don Pobble spoke. "We've got some things you might want to have, Pruitt. Some pictures of Lewis in the yearbook and on the track team, and some other things."

"I've got to be going along," my father said. "I've got a classroom full of kids waiting for me. They won't know a thing till I get there."

They stood up and Pruitt shook hands with my father. "I'm mighty obliged," he said, in a voice that was not much more than a whisper. He seemed weary now, more beaten than when my father had first come in.

"Thank you for coming," my father said. "You be careful now. Take care of Ginny." But Pruitt was past answering, and my father nodded to Pobble and left and went through the other room without speaking to Dorothy and out into the dim hallway. He felt blind. The broad empty corridor with its rows of gray lockers seemed endless, full of shadows, and his footstep raised echoes that closed in on him like bricks in a wall. The sadness in him was the old familiar one he thought he was leaving behind, the terrible imagined pictures of the young men he had taught lying mangled and lifeless in alien mud. It seemed he could taste the old newsprint he had stared at during those years and hear the sad radio after supper at night. He was trying not to remember; he didn't want to think about any of that.

Among the shadows was another shadow that came toward him. It was difficult to recognize her in this light, but it was Ginny, all alone in the dark hallway. "Mr. Kirkman," she said, and he could hear the brittle determination in her voice. There was something she must say to him; she had come out here to hide in the shadows and meet him alone.

"Ginny?"

She stopped in front of him. Her head was lowered so that he looked into the part of her hair, the thin cloven vulnerable line. She was unsteady on her feet, swayed like a young willow tree. "It was something he wouldn't tell you," she said.

"About Lewis?"

"It was him that shot hisself," she said. "It was Lewis killed hisself."

"Oh Lord. God, Ginny, I'm sorry."

"It wan't nothing to do with you or this schoolhouse here," she said. "Pruitt ain't satisfied, but I'm satisfied it was nothing to do with you or the books."

"It was the war," he said.

She nodded.

"It was the war," my father said. "And it was just like he was killed in the war. Just the same."

She made a little noise, not crying but not words.

He wanted to touch her, but he knew better. She didn't want to be touched. Lewis had done his duty, and this was her duty now to tell my father the straight of it, to make it clear. He knew, my father knew all that, but he didn't know what to do or say. It was like trying to clasp hot smoke in your arms. "I'm sorry," he said. "I thought the world of him. More than that."

She raised her small white expressionless face. "More than the world," she said. "There had ought to be more than the world."

But that wasn't what he meant. He hadn't meant anything. The world was what my father knew. He wouldn't want to imagine anything more than the world, nothing better or worse. The world was more than plenty. "I can't tell you how bad I feel," he said.

She nodded again and stepped aside now, edging into shadow, to let him pass her by. She had no more to say to him ever. He was dismissed.

He walked down the hall, feeling her presence retreat from him as she made her way back to the principal's office. Neither of them looked back. The hall shadows smoothed away the sound of their footsteps.

But he couldn't go to his classroom yet. He pushed into the faculty men's restroom and stood at the tall open window and rolled a shaky Prince Albert cigarette. It was midmorning now, a bright blue spring day, busy with robins and white butterflies in the schoolyard grass. Odd. In the hallway with Ginny he had felt that the sky was gathering to rain, but it was bright as fire outside in the other world that seemed no part of the one inside.

It can't be the books, he thought, it wasn't the books and the lessons. But when he thought about Pruitt and then Lewis his old doubts came flooding back. It was nothing but disaster, this whole century, and the schoolhouse with its foolish hopes and silly rules stood right in the middle. How could you be sure it wasn't the fault of the books and the lessons?

He took out the medal and looked at it, tiny and weightless and tawdry, like a scrap of cellophane or tin foil a child might pick up and treasure out of the roadside weeds. He stared and then stuffed it back into his pocket with a helpless angry gesture.

Fred Chappell's latest book is an anthology of his poetry and prose, ***The Fred Chappell Reader****, published by St. Martin's Press, 1987. He teaches at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro.*

Medal of Honor *first appeared in the* ***New Mexico Humanities Review****. Used by permission of the author.*

Bert Allen

Juanita Quillen

Judy Odom

Linnard Simmons

Ed Price

David Evans

Geneva Jenkins

PROFILES

Bertram Allen
U.S. Army
1968 to 1970
Overseas assignment: Vietnam

He is passionate in his feelings about Vietnam, about war and peace. As guest editor for this veterans' issue of the *Now and Then* he says, "I hope we enlighten those who are not veterans about the full cost of war and its products. I hope it says war never ends for those of us who fought it and our families. And I hope we can honor those who are veterans because they have paid a high price for fleeting gains."

Bert Allen is a tall, soft-spoken, articulate man. He is clean-shaven, his hair is clipped short. He says, "I finally joined middle America—in appearance." He teaches psychology at Milligan College and lives in Jonesborough with his wife, Jill, and their two children, Amy, eight, and RB, 10.

A native of Richmond, Virginia, he came to Tennessee in 1963 to attend Milligan College where he majored in English with the intention of going to law school after his undergraduate work. "I did go to law school briefly, didn't like it, quit and got drafted in 1968." He was trained in artillery destined for Vietnam.

"I was in the Army, 25th division. I arrived in-country mid-December, 1968. We were in an area northwest of Saigon, between Saigon and the Cambodian border. About three weeks after I arrived, I was wounded. I was firing a howitzer. It was between 10:00 and 11:00 o'clock at night and we were providing counter-mortar fire for another support base who was already being attacked. A third fire support base came under attack and we were turning our guns around to begin firing for them when we came under fire as well. One of the first half dozen rounds landed at our gun, put our gun out of commission and wounded people. I was so new I didn't realize we had even been fired at, I thought we were turning a gun that was very hot with a round in the tube and the round exploded on us. Later I learned we had been hit.

"There were three of us actually on the gun. The lieutenant, who was our battery executive officer, was acting as a radio telephone operator. The lieutenant was right next to me. He lost his leg at the knee and the gunner was paralyzed. I was very lucky. We were supposed to maintain noise discipline at night and I knew the X-O had the radio telephone in his hand and I picked up the telephone and said 'medic on 3, medic on 3!' I didn't get an answer and finally I realized I wasn't going to get any answer. The mortar round had severed the wire from the phone. I started screaming to the other guns and finally the medic showed up.

"When the medic came, he brought a couple of litters. The Catholic chaplain was there that night. Doc and somebody else carried the litter with the gunner on it, the chaplain and I carried the Lieutenant down to the aid station and Doc tended to them. I tried to hold a bottle of I-V for the gunner but I got to where I was ready to pass out. Base camp sent out a dust-off chopper and by midnight, the wounded from the infantry and our area were at the hospital. I wasn't dusted off—evacuated for medical purposes—until the next day. I didn't know that any time you got head wounds you had to go in to the hospital and some of my wounds were in my head. The next morning, the medic had a fit because I was still there. They had to call a chopper out to take me back. I was not incapacitated by my wounds. Shrapnel. Some of it worked its way out, some is still with me. I've got a piece in my thumb and some little pieces in my knee. I was wounded on January 10th and on January 11th, the movie they showed at base camp was *Green Berets*, John Wayne doing his macho best and there I was. And, no doubt, there was a training film somewhere to tell me what I should have done instead of what I did do. Three days and I was back. An outpatient.

"I went back to artillery. I stayed on the guns until somebody saw that I'd graduated from college and could do math and put me in the fire direction center. I did that 'til the end of April and somebody else found I'd majored in English. Most of the guys over there weren't college graduates. I got orders to come back to base camp and meet with this Colonel. I did not know what I had done. I got into his office. There were other officers there and they were asking questions like, 'Could I write?' 'Did I feel competent in English?' 'Could I use a camera?' and I evidently answered like they wanted because shortly after I got called again to go back to base camp and begin writing for the division newspaper and public information office.

"Basically, we wrote positive, colorful, pleasant articles about the war. We wrote about American GIs who were teaching Vietnamese people English, about American physicians and dentists who were using their spare time to go out to Vietnamese villages, about Roman Catholic sisters who were taking care of orphans and displaced people, wrote about interesting jobs that American GIs were doing in Vietnam. We did not write about day-to-day combat, the civilian press was doing that. To some extent, I was generating propaganda. Looking back, there were things we could not take pictures of, could not write about. When I say that, I am judging what I did then with knowledge I have now.

"I was under fire again, both with the units I was covering and at base camp. Base camp came under routine rocket and mortar fire and probes of our perimeter by sappers. A sapper was a person who carried in explosive charges on his person. You stayed at risk.

"I came home in January of 1970, back to Washington, D.C. My folks had moved while I was in Nam. I didn't know what I wanted to do so I was substitute teaching in an elementary school in a Washington suburb and taking graduate courses in education at the University of Maryland. The University had some federal funding for people who were interested in being teachers. When I was in the classroom I found myself very concerned about kids' family problems, adjustment and difficulties in school so I began course work in counseling and moved from there into psychology.

"Feelings were still high about Vietnam and we were still at war. When I first started going to class, I didn't let people know I was a veteran. And I was defensive. I had joined the military, even in the draft, as a superpatriot. I continued to be a superpatriot...I was still supportive of what was going on in Vietnam, I was still naive about the conduct and intent in the war. Part of that was self-preservation. To be in opposition to the war at that time would say that what we had done, my friends' losses and my losses were for nothing. I wasn't prepared to say that.

"I did not experience the night terrors or any of that, or if I had them, they were at first and I don't remember now. I was startled by loud noises and surprises, the classic veteran's problem. I think all of us who spent time in combat and at risk feel some guilt for surviving it all. I feel a second sort, for being wounded (what turned out to be) insignificantly when people I was with were

Bert Allen in the back seat of an OV-10 "Bronco," October 5, 1969, for a mission along the Cambodian border.

wounded severely and then I had the opportunity to leave the artillery and to go to a less hostile setting.

"We who fought the Vietnam War tend to think it was different from other U.S. wars. There were age differences, time at risk differences. Research suggests that the average Vietnam veteran was 19, the average World War II veteran was 26. Nineteen is still adolesence in our society. Those who went through the regular rites of passage in the 60s are generally becoming more conservative as time goes along. Many of the Vietnam veterans have moved to the left. Me, for one. I'm not just for nuclear disarmament, I'm for total disarmament, I don't care about bilateral disarmament, if it takes unilateral disarmament, then I'm all for it. If I am a good person then I am going to try to be a good person regardless of the economic system under which I find myself or the political system under which I have to live. I don't believe any transient international conflict or political stance is worth losing people's lives over. The people we fought against in World War II are now our strongest allies and trade partners and the people we fought with 40 years ago are our most significant enemies. It doesn't make sense."

(N&T: What about Hitler's genocide against the Jews or Pearl Harbor...)

"Whatever else you can say about it, we were still killing to stop killing and it is like spanking the six-year-old to get him to stop hitting the four-year-old. We teach violence, we teach corporal ways of responding to other people from the time our children are tiny. Then they get more violence from the media, our folk heroes, our methods of discipline. We teach them very well that if you don't like something somebody else does, you respond in a corporal way and in time of war, that is killing. I've had enough."

Bert Allen does speak of his and others' experiences in Vietnam for classes and other interested groups. He can be reached through Milligan College.

— Jo Carson

Juanita Quillen
U.S. Army Nurse
1941 to 1947
Overseas assignment: Italy, Sicily, North Africa

When a group of Vietnam veterans set up a rap group at the Alcohol Treatment Unit of the Mountain Home Veterans Administration hospital in 1985, one of the staff nurses wanted to sit in. The vets objected. They thought her presence would cramp their style, certainly their language. What would this woman old enough to be their mother understand about their experience in war?

The nurse, Juanita Quillen, persisted, and from the time the group began meeting, she participated. She understood more than they could have imagined. And because of the group she has learned more about herself than she ever imagined.

A veteran of World War II, Juanita Quillen lived under fire on the beachhead at Anzio, Italy. Like many Vietnam veterans her wartime experience caused her problems that she did not recognize for years. In fact, her scars remained hidden until she began attending the Monday night sessions for Vietnam veterans on the Alcohol Treatment unit.

Sitting in the dappled shade of the pleasant grounds of the VA hospital, she remembers a time of her life that she does not usually care to recall or discuss. She is a well-spoken, trim woman in her 60s who remains composed throughout the interview. But she describes a highly stressful time. She's willing to share her story now because she believes her experience then and now might be useful to others, especially to Vietnam veterans.

When the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor in 1941, Juanita Quillen, a native of Bluff City, Tennessee, was finishing nursing school in Abingdon, Virginia. As soon as she could, she joined the Army. "I didn't know what war was all about and I thought it would be interesting," she says.

"We landed in Anzio and they were shelling when we got there. Shrapnel was falling, it was red-hot. I had no idea what it was. I was looking at all these things landing all around our feet. I said, "What's going on? What is it?" They said, "Come on, get in this foxhole." That was our initiation to the beach. Of course we lived in foxholes after that. We dug foxholes and we sandbagged and the operating room tent was set up. People coming in who were wounded were placed on litters on the outside of the tent, maybe 50 at a time. We'd take them as we could get to them."

Quillen cared for soldiers with every imaginable injury. "Mutilation of all kinds, arms and legs and eyes and bodies and we had a lot of infections because we didn't have the antibiotics that we have now." It is only when she talks of the injuries that she has seen that her voice quivers a bit. She moves on to describe the work of the 15th Evacuation Hospital.

"We did what they called leapfrog. We set up a hospital behind the lines and as the men pushed on and the lines moved farther away another hospital would leapfrog us and be closer again. There were four of us that would leapfrog each other as the lines moved forward.

The unit replaced by Quillen at Anzio had been bombed, with many nurses and patients losing their lives.

Her unit did not lose any nurses, but, "They shelled almost continuously. They weren't shooting at us, they were shooting over us. At the Navy. They were firing back and forth and we were sitting in the middle of it. You sometimes would be walking in the area, from one tent to another, and that tent would suddenly disappear before you could get to it. It would be hit.

"The bombers were not really after the hospitals. They were after ammunition. We were shelled one time because they saw us taking ammunition crates into the hospital to use as fuel to burn. They thought we were harboring ammunition. Some of our patients were wounded."

After three months of living under constant fire, Quillen's unit moved on to North Africa, then into Sicily. "Patton was going like a house afire through Sicily." She says that General Patton's forces "went so fast that they couldn't keep the supply lines up with us. There were times when we'd go for several days without food." Yet, the medical company would continue working.

Though she speaks of her experiences calmly, she admits that she was scared all the time. But she also remembers her wartime service as the most exciting time of her life. "I can empathize with Vietnam veterans on this. You can never again find anything as exciting as living under fire. I only lived under fire for three months but I could never be happy—or satisfied—with a mundane job. You crave excitement. It takes you a long time to settle down. If you ever do. It changes your life.

"I know where Vietnam veterans are coming from, their complaints really ring a bell with me." Quillen produces a Xeroxed sheet. "I brought along some of the symptoms of post traumatic stress." She explains that post traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) is the long-term result of life-threatening circumstances. PTSD emerges in survivors of any traumatic event including a war, earthquake, flood or rape. Symptoms often do not surface until years after the tauma.

Recognition and treatment of PTSD has been focused on Vietnam veterans, but veterans of other wars are not exempt, as Juanita Quillen has learned.

She traces her finger down the list of nearly 20 symptoms that can show up, including depression, anxiety and flashbacks. She pauses at one. "I withdrew from crowds. I can remember sitting in meetings, I had a fear, an overwhelming fear.

" 'Difficulty with authority figures.' I experienced a lot of this when I came back. I had been doing these things all the time and I didn't particularly appreciate someone telling me how to do it.

"Another thing I had a hard time with—and still have a hard time with—is emotional distances from people. I don't think I've cried for years.

" 'The inability to talk about war experiences.' I'd mention odds and ends of things that happened but I think I've told you more today than I've told anyone about what happened. I really don't want to talk about it, even now I don't."

Hyperalertness and sleep disturbances were two problems she had that faded over the years, she says, but she notes that time is not the curative that heals the wounds of war. She knows from her own experience that "most of the symptoms of post traumatic stress disorder do not calm down until you deal with it. It only goes away when you take it out and say 'this is a problem' and then deal with it."

She did not expect to gain insights from her work here. She had worked in psychiatric facilities in California and Texas where she spent 27 years and raised a family. She came back to East Tennessee in 1981 to take care of her mother. That was when she started working at the Mountain Home VA Hospital.

"They asked me if I'd be interested in working over here in the Alcohol Treatment Unit. I said, 'Yes, if you don't have any Vietnam veterans.' " She laughs and says she told the personnel office, " 'I can't cope with Vietnam veterans.'

"I changed. They began to talk and I began to hear what they were saying."

She believes in the work that goes on in Building 37. It's a brick structure that looks just like most of the others on the grounds of the 85 year old hospital. A detoxification program in the lower part of the buiding is for sobering up the vets. If they wish for further treatment they can then enter the 32 bed Alcohol Treatment Unit upstairs where they usually stay four to six weeks.

One of the most positive parts of the treatment for Vietnam veterans, Quillen thinks, is the rap group. She explains that there are no professional counselors at the sessions, only Vietnam vets (except for herself, but she contributes only her presence, not her advice). "It's a lay group," she explains. "There are five or six Vietnam veterans who have volunteered who have been able to stay off booze and put their lives together. They come over and talk with these men and tell them how they feel and what has helped them. They say, 'now I did this, I don't know if it will help you but I'm going to share it with you.' Some of them have been on this unit.

"We have 10 Vietnam veterans on the ward at present and they are an angry group of men. Most of them did not want to go into the group. I think if it were not mandatory we would not get a group together. The consensus this last week was that they were forced to go to a war that they didn't want to fight and now they come back and they're forced to go to a group they don't want to go to. But most of them, after they go a few times will say it's one of the biggest helps they've had.

"One of the things I hear more often than anything else is, 'you mean other people felt this way? I thought I was the only one and I thought I was crazy.' It gives them a chance to see that this is not craziness, it is something they learned as a means of defending themselves—survival tactics—and they have not been able to change."

She believes survival tactics and distrust of government, two symptoms of PTSD often experienced by Vietnam veterans, make readjustment especially difficult.

"They're paying for something they did not ask for. It's wrecked the lives of a lot of men. They've gone through marriage after marriage. They've become alcoholics, they've gotten on drugs, they've medicated themselves so they could forget some of these things. They're pushing it back and it keeps coming out because it's not dead yet. It's serious stuff." Because she works at the VA, Quillen sees only the most troubled veterans, not the majority who have had few problems readjusting—but she knows that many others are still suffering.

"I just wish that more Vietnam veterans knew that there's help. They shouldn't go off and try to hide what they feel, but they should talk to people—and the best people to talk to are other Vietnam veterans.

"They've suffered long enough. I would like to see Vietnam veterans come into their own."

Juanita Quillen knows it's never too late. Because of the rap group at the Alcohol Treatment Unit, she has learned about and begun to change long-standing problems of her own stemming from her wartime experience more than 40 years ago.

— Pat Arnow

Linnard Simmons U.S. Army 1942 to 1945 Overseas Assignment: Northern Ireland, Belgium, France, Germany

Jonesborough, Tennessee, resident Linnard N. Simmons, along with more than a million other black men and women, served in the United States military forces during World War II. Drafted into the Army on August 1, 1942, Simmons remembers, "When I was called, I was proud. It was my country. If I couldn't fight for my country, then I should be in some other country. I felt good about it. I helped do the job. I helped win the war."

A quiet, friendly man with short gray hair and a neatly trimmed gray mustache, Simmons looks younger than his 66 years. He still has the soldier's ramrod posture, and he still deserves the nicknames of Slim, Stringbean and Streamline.

He grew up on farms near Forest City, North Carolina, and Fairdale, West Virginia. After two years with the Civilian Conservation Corps, he moved to Johnson City, Tennessee. He was working at Charles Department Store on Main Street when his draft notice came.

At Camp Forrest, Tennessee, near Tullahoma, Simmons went through basic training. As at all other military installations throughout the United States, black troops were segregated from white. "We had our own companies, but we had white commissioned officers, three white lieutenants and a white captain. From the first sergeant on down, everybody else was black. We had our own mess hall and our own drill field. We weren't allowed to mix with the whites."

Separation of the races was standard policy in all branches of the

service during World War II. Despite protests from black leaders such as A. Phillip Randolph, Walter White of the NAACP, and Judge William Hastie, the military continued to conform to "established social custom."

General George C. Marshall summarized the prevailing attitude when he commented a few days before Pearl Harbor that "the settlement of vexing racial problems cannot be permitted to complicate the tremendous task of the War Department."

Linnard Simmons states that he was not really too aware of the controversy over segregation when he first entered the army. "I didn't think much about it at the time, but later on—overseas—then I started to think about it some." Even on the battlefield, black troops remained segregated in their own units. Most served as support personnel, not as combat soldiers.

"Somewhere along the line, Governor Bilbo of Mississippi said that black soldiers didn't have sense enough to use modern American weapons. But in the Battle of the Bulge, during the breakthrough at Bastogne, there were black tank battalions and black truck drivers that went down through those cities that were on fire, that were bombed.

"General Omar Bradley said that the Negroes—at that time we were 'Negroes,' now we're blacks—Bradley said that the Negroes *did* have sense enough to use the modern American weapons. That made us feel good."

While he prefers not to concentrate on those experiences, Simmons did face discrimination during his military service.

Tullahoma, the town nearest Camp Forrest, did not welcome black soldiers from the base. "It was a small town, you know. They didn't let us downtown after 6 p.m. We could go during the day if we were shopping. We had to be buying something. 'Course we did have places we could go in the black section."

Simmons also encountered problems as a result of segregation when he traveled home on furloughs. "On the trains, they put us on the first coach where the smoke from the engine was the worst. They used coal on locomotives back then, and the smoke was awful. Then on the buses, we had to sit in the back where the motor was, where it was the hottest."

Once, during a stop-over in Chattanooga, Simmons ran into trouble with two policemen and three MPs. "I just went into the bus station to get me a magazine. Those policemen and the MPs, they came up and asked me, 'What you doing in here, boy?' I'm 6 feet 5 inches tall, and they're calling me 'boy.' "

"I didn't know I was doing wrong to be in there. See, that big waiting room was for the whites. We had just a little pigeon-hole waiting room in the back."

Simmons runs one hand over his close-cut gray hair. "They told me to get my magazine and get on out of there." His voice deepens. "That made me feel bad. Real bad. Here I am a soldier getting ready to go fight for my country, and there's places I can't go to buy a magazine."

When he did make it overseas in late November, 1943, Linnard Simmons acquitted himself with honor. He earned four battle stars, a Good Conduct medal, the World War II Victory ribbon, the European-African-Middle Eastern ribbon, the American Theater service ribbon, and a Presidential Citation for bravery.

"The only time I was really scared was on D-Day. That's the time I wanted Mama. Now, I didn't have a mama. She died when I was eight months old. But if I could've called Mama, I would've called her then."

Approaching Normandy Beach by ship around 4 a.m. on the morning of June 6, Simmons saw a pre-dawn sky that was "almost as bright as broad open day. All those shells and bombs and tracers going off. About 10:00

Judy Odom

Linnard Simmons shows his woodworking in his Jonesborough home.

our soldiers had the Germans on the move. I got off the boat about 1:30 or 2:00 that afternoon."

Simmons landed with the first truck company supplying the front line troops. "I was a truck driver on the 'Red Ball Express.' I hauled ammo and gas and food to the 101st and the 82nd Airborne. I followed them with supplies all through Europe."

Often, he also ferried troops to and from the front. "They'd fight a week, then get three days' rest. We carried them out and then carried them back to the battle again. Sometimes I've had to drive the dead men behind the lines to the cemeteries, and I've hauled German prisoners to the POW camps. Coming and going, men and supplies—it was a full load every time."

With the Third Army at the Battle of the Bulge Simmons was cut off for nine days and nights by German forces encircling the Allies. Finally, General Omar Bradley's First Army smashed through the German lines, halting their desperate drive toward Antwerp and preparing the way for the Allied advance to the Rhine.

Simmons frequently came under enemy fire. His legs are scarred from shrapnel wounds he received a few days after D-Day.

After more than a year of service in battlefield areas where danger had become routine, Simmons found it fairly difficult to settle back down to civilian life again.

No special parades or welcoming ceremonies marked his return. "In France now, we had a big parade there. Two or three black companies and some Polish and Yugoslavian soldiers we had liberated from German prison camps paraded through Soissons. But I never had a parade in America. We had won the war, and I guess they had already started to forget about us by then."

After his discharge, Simmons returned to Tennessee. He had planned to live in Baltimore near his sister, but after he got there a bag containing clothes and war souvenirs was stolen from his sister's apartment. "I knew I didn't want to live there. Not in that kind of place. Anyhow, I'm a country boy and I missed the mountains and the small towns."

Except for three years working at a Chevrolet assembly plant in Flint, Michigan, Simmons has remained in Tennessee. He worked at Range Motors in Johnson City from 1946 until he left for Michigan. Between 1958 and 1984, he was employed by the U.S. Postal Service.

Retired now, he keeps busy with fishing, gardening, his coin collection, and his handicrafts. He enjoys relaxing at home with his wife Dorothy, whom he married in 1947, and with his two daughters and five grandchildren.

Looking back, Simmons believes that his years in the army had a beneficial effect on his life. "I wouldn't have gotten the job at the post office if I hadn't been a veteran."

Simmons sees many positive changes in the military and in American society as a whole since World War II. He believes that the honorable service of black men and women like himself helped bring about those changes. The desegregation of the armed forces, for example, began in the late 1940s by order of President Harry S. Truman.

"Back then, during the war, we only had one black general, Benjamin Davis. We had a few black colonels and captains and a few lieutenants. Now we've got generals and admirals and people going to West Point."

He does not express any bitterness at having served in a segregated army. "Some people treated us nice even in those days." He mentions "an old, old white lady" who once stopped to chat with him and his brother when they were home on furlough. "We had our uniforms on, and she said, 'This is two nice tall young men.' She got in between us, walked about a block out of her way talking to us.

"That made us feel proud. We were soldiers doing our part. All of us, we did our part in that war, and we played a good part, too."

— Judy Odom

Judy Odom teaches English at Science Hill High School in Johnson City. She won the Sherwood Anderson award for fiction in 1986 and 1987. Her work has appeared in ***Crescent Review, Homewords, Mississippi Arts and Letters*** *and* ***Now and Then.***

22

David Evans
U.S. Marines
1969 to 1971
Overseas assignment: Vietnam

December, 1970. Quangtri Province, Vietnam.

Today David Evans, 18, of Charleston, West Virginia, will lose his legs to a flying mass of enemy steel in a jungle ambush.

The average Viet Cong ambush lasts about 14 seconds—just long enough for the enemy to empty a Russian-made AK-47 automatic rifle. The victims see little except flashes of light deep in the snake-infested jungle. That is, if they live long enough to see anything.

Today seven men out of a nine man patrol will lie dead on the molding jungle floor. Barely alive, David Evans has walked on his own two legs for the last time.

He has seen what war can do, he walks on artificial legs. His experience has made him compassionate and given him purpose. Now 35 years old and living in Elk View, West Virginia, David Evans works fitting prosthetic arms and legs on those who have lost limbs. His experience in war has also inspired him to become an outspoken critic of U.S. foreign policy in Central America. These activities have brought him to his work directing the prosthetic program of Medical Aid for El Salvador, a non-profit group that provides medical aid to war victims of that revolution-slashed portion of the world.

When Evans is not fitting artificial limbs to victims of war, he travels across America speaking out in opposition to U.S. foreign policy in Central America. There are many reasons he believes America should back off. A chilling repeat of the Vietnam War is one of those reasons.

"How' many women were killed in Vietnam?" David Evans asks his audience of students on the Milligan College campus in East Tennessee.

"I think it was eight or nine," a tentative voice answers from the back of the hall.

"Wrong," Evans barks. "It was a million and a half. One and one-half million Vietnamese women were killed in Nam!"

More murmurs from the students. They really don't know whether or not to believe him. Most of the students have already surmised that this lean young man had a bone to pick. And they were still in diapers on the day Evans was nearly blown away in a jungle ambush. Most of what they've heard about the war in Vietnam is what they've read in books or seen in *Rambo* movies.

Hot damn! *Rambo* movies. Another sore spot with David Evans.

"You know what Sly (Sylvester) Stallone was doing during the Vietnam War?" he asks.

More murmuring from the audience of students.

"He was a gym teacher at a girls' school in Switzerland, on a 4-F deferment from the draft. How could he know anything about Vietnam?"

The draft? Oh, yes. The draft. The students know about the draft. That's when you have to join the Army even if you don't want to. But the students are young with no point of reference. The draft is as foreign to them as Civil War bounties are to their parents. But things may not always be so serene and that is what Evans says he is speaking to: further American involvement in an area of the world which could turn into another Vietnam and another draft.

Evans was 17 when he enlisted in the Marine Corps in 1969. "I was apolitical at the time," he says. But two months after being shipped to Vietnam he concluded that the American presence there was wrong. And in the months following his wound, he strengthened his resolve. But he quickly adds that his newly-formed opinions of American foreign policy did not make him anti-American.

"I still believed in the old axiom: My country, right or wrong, my country."

What most Americans know as Central America is a strip of seven countries bordered by Mexico on the north and Colombia, South America to the south. The countries include Belize (British Honduras), Guatemala, Honduras, El Salvador, Nicaragua, Costa Rica and Panama. Most were colonized in the 17th Century by Spain with the exception, of course, of British Honduras. In the beginning each of the countries was supported by large plantations that were run by slave labor. Today most of these countries are poor and the big plantations have been replaced by large foreign interests.

The average income in Nicaragua is $870 per year. The average per capita income in El Salvador is $710. Many of those living in Central America go to bed at night hungry.

"Hunger is a form of terrorism," Evans says. "Revolution and civil war are battles between the 'haves' and the 'have-nots.'"

The "haves," according to Evans, are the U.S. corporations who have interests in Central America (such as The United Fruit Company) and the heads of the native governments who keep them in operation.

"The same thing happened in Vietnam at the beginning of that war," Evans says. "The United States government knew Ho Chi Minh would never allow the big U.S. corporations to continue their operations if he should take over the government. So American troops were sent in to protect American interests. The same thing will happen in Central America if things go on the way they have been."

Economics is the reason, Evans says, that the U.S. presently supports the Contras rather than the Sandinista government under President Daniel Ortega in Nicaragua. He says living conditions for Nicaraguans have actually improved under the Sandinista government, but at some expense to American interests. "The charge that Nicaragua is actually a Communist country is untrue. Nicaragua is a socialist country and the United States dominates every Central American country except Nicaragua."

Evans detests what he calls the 'Reagan-Rambo' mentality; a militant view that he feels permeates America today. Evans says he is a humanitarian and not a militarist. But he does not call for a total pullout

from Central America. "I believe the United States should remain in Central America to administer humanitarian aid, contingent on peace talks," he says.

David Evans shows slides of his Central American patients to the students at Milligan College. The color images are murky and out of focus; clearly the work of an amateur photographer. But the tragedy of the victims shows through clearly.

There is a 15-year-old girl with only a stump, where a shapely leg used to be.

There is a farmer who lost both a leg and an arm. But this is not his only tragedy. His entire family was wiped out in a bombing raid.

And there is a little girl—perhaps eight or nine years old—with no arms at all.

Then the lights go out. There is a major power failure over the entire area—even in Johnson City. Evans continues his talk for perhaps ten minutes more in the darkness. Then he suggests the gathering break up.

One student looks at the other and slyly says, "Maybe Rambo pulled the switch."

After the jungle ambush in December, 1970, David Evans was taken to the hospital ship 'Sanctuary' where both his mangled legs were removed by surgeons. During his long recovery he was thinking how lucky he was to be alive. In May, 1971, he received his prosthetic legs at the Philadelphia Naval Hospital. He was lucky again. "I had no trouble learning to walk again," he says.

But he also had plenty of time to think about the Vietnam War and its victims. And the more he thought, the more he disagreed with America's actions in Vietnam. And then, 15 years later, in El Salvador.

He knew he wanted to do something. There were the victims to care for and his feeling of *deja vu* concerning American foreign policy in Central America also haunted him. Medical Aid for El Salvador has given him the opportunity to be both a humanitarian and a political activist.

— Ed Price

Geneva Jenkins
U.S. Army
1941 to 1947
Overseas assignment: Philippines

On April 29, 1942, two seaplanes floated on a lake on the southern Philippine island of Mindanao and prepared for take-off. The two aircraft had made the increasingly hazardous flight over thousands of miles of Japanese territory from Australia in order to evacuate 24 U.S. Army nurses from Corregidor, a tiny island in Manila Bay where the United States made its last unsuccessful stand against the Japanese. The day before, the nurses and crew had flown from Corregidor to Mindanao where they had spent the night. Now they were about to depart on the long trip back to Australia and safety. Among the 12 nurses on the first plane scheduled to take off was First Lieutenant Geneva Jenkins, a 31 year old Tennessee native.

As Jenkins' craft started to gain speed, it hit a rock protruding out of the lake's surface, puncturing a hole in the seaplane's body. The nurse and her colleagues escaped by climbing out onto the wing of the plane. Five minutes later the craft sank. "We were lucky to get out," recalls Jenkins. Meanwhile, the second craft, loaded to capacity, took off. On that plane was Jenkins' older sister, Ressa.

The 12 stranded nurses sought refuge for a time with Filipino nurses in a hospital on the island and nurtured hopes that another American plane would come and rescue them. But no plane appeared, presumably because it had become impossible to fly over so much enemy territory. Along with her fellow nurses, Jenkins was captured by the Japanese and spent nearly three years as a prisoner of war.

Geneva Jenkins was one of 13 children born to John and Caldona Jenkins, a couple descended in part from the Cherokee, who lived on a 20-acre farm in Sevier County. It was not a financially secure childhood, but the skills she acquired proved useful during her time as a POW. "Knowing how to work and how to survive, I guess that helped me a lot," she reflects. "Learning how to make do with what you have, that helped too."

After briefly attending a three-room grammar school in nearby Jones Cove, Jenkins, with the help of Presbyterian Home Mission Workers, won a scholarship to the Asheville, North Carolina, Normal School and was a boarding student there from the second through the 12th grade. After graduation, the young woman received her nurse's training at Knoxville General Hospital. She stayed on as an employee for a year. There she gained experience in caring for patients with contagious diseases, experience that proved valuable during her time in the tropics of the Philippines.

In 1941, Jenkins was a Red Cross nurse. Red Cross nurses gave their services in times of disaster and also were among the first to be called into service in time of war. And so it happened that six months before the American entry into World War II, Jenkins was drafted into the Army and stationed at Sternberg Hospital in Manila. Shortly after the attack on Pearl Harbor in December, she was sent to the Bataan Peninsula across the Manila Bay from the capital city. As the Japanese overran Bataan the beginning of April, Jenkins and other American troops were evacuated to the island of Corregidor where they stayed until that aborted flight to Australia.

After Japanese troops captured the marooned nurses on Mindanao in May of 1942, the soldiers took their prisoners by freighter down to Davao, a port city on the island. There Jenkins' two chief memories are of sleeping on the floor of a schoolhouse and of the odd sensation of being accompanied by an armed Japanese soldier on a shopping expedition. In September, the nurses were transported, again by freighter, back up to Manila. "No provisions were made for us," says Jenkins. "No beds or anything, no place to take a bath." Once in Manila, Geneva and the other nurses were detained with civilians, mostly women and children, at the 16th century campus of the University of Santo Tomas.

Jenkins reports that compared with

other military POWs in the Philippines, the Army nurses' conditions were "much better." Still, their physical conditions were spartan. The Tennessee first lieutenant shared a room with about 50 other prisoners. "You had no privacy," she recalls. "We had beds in there, makeshift beds. We had showers. You had to take showers with everybody, no privacy. And no hot water. But it was in the tropics, it was warm, so that was OK," she concludes.

Most military prisoners in the Philippines were treated brutally. The Army nurse speculates that she escaped such cruelty largely because of her profession. "The Japanese didn't molest us or bother us. They respected us because we were nurses. They respect nurses in their country," she explains. "Even on the road trips, they never bothered us. The Japanese soldiers used to ask us to do something for their ailments. We told them we have no medicine." Nevertheless the prisoners often lived in fear. They especially dreaded other detainees' escape attempts. "We were scared," she admits. "The Japanese could come in any time of the night and search us and make us get out of bed if anyone jumped over the wall around the university."

All the prisoners had assigned jobs, tasks such as growing vegetables or cleaning. Jenkins', not surprisingly, was at the hospital tending to civilian prisoners suffering mainly from tropical diseases such as malaria. Once she had to care for a high-ranking Japanese officer. "I had to take care of him. I didn't like it one bit," she asserts. "But what could I do?" The American nurses worked long hours, doing their best despite the considerable difficulties inherent in working in the tropics during wartime. Medicines and supplies became increasingly hard to obtain. And once, Jenkins recollects, she was ordered to report for duty the day after a typhoon. Taking care to dodge the poisonous snakes, she waded to the hospital through water up to her waist.

Often when her shift was over, she borrowed a book from the University library. "I did much reading. That helped to pass the time a little, to forget all about the problems." Her reading and her faith, she says, were her mainstays during her internment.

As the war wore on, food was in short supply. The prisoners, says Jenkins, lived on rice and a kind of dried fish with a scent that reminded the Tennesseean of skunk. "The last year we had very little food. If it had lasted a few more months, I wouldn't be living," she states matter-of-factly. "At the end, you only got one cup of rice twice a day. That was all." The American POWs were freed as U.S. troops under General MacArthur retook Manila in mid-February of 1945. "I shook hands with him," Jenkins reports. At the time, the five foot four and a half inch woman weighed only 88 pounds. "Now I couldn't get my leg into the clothes I wore," she jokes.

After her release, she continued nursing for the United States military in Manila for a few weeks until relief arrived. During that period, the Japanese shelled the university. The hospital where Jenkins was working that day escaped the attack unscathed. But her living quarters sustained serious damage. Many of the recently released civilian POWs perished. "They killed many of the people and blew their arms and legs off," she says quietly.

Finally, on February 28 Jenkins was sent stateside. Almost immediately she suffered an attack of bronchitis and was hospitalized in North Carolina. After her discharge from the hospital, she was granted two weeks leave and the Army sent her to stay at the Grove Park Inn in Asheville. The former POW had a chauffeured car and each day had flowers and fruit delivered to her room. To the Normal School graduate, it was a dream come true. In her student days, she says, "We used to walk over and look at the place. And I wished someday I'd be able to stay there."

Such pampering came to an abrupt end when she was ordered to report for work at a military hospital in San Francisco. Her military superiors and co-workers knew of her wartime incarceration, but "it made no difference," she states. "They told us, 'that's all over now. And you're supposed to carry on.' Nobody cared." In an understatement, she terms such an attitude as "unhelpful," but adds philosophically, "That's the way it is. No one knows what being a POW is like unless you have experienced it yourself." Still, she argues with feeling, "They should have retired every one of us. We were in no physical condition to go back to work. Every one of us. It affected our health and our life. Three years, starving and under such conditions. They should have retired every one of us."

In 1947 she did retire on disability as her severe and chronic bronchitis worsened. After caring for her father back in Tennessee for two years, Jenkins returned to the warmer climate of Los Angeles, and considered furthering her nursing studies at a local university. But her respiratory problems prevented her from enrolling. Today, 76-year old Geneva Jenkins, a generous woman with a sense of humor, still lives in Los Angeles. In 1983, she finally received recognition for her wartime service once again when she and about 30 other nurses who were former POWs were invited to the White House. She flew first class to Washington, was met by an honor guard, and spoke with both President Reagan and Senator Howard Baker.

"Going through that experience makes you understand many things," Jenkins remarks. "It makes you appreciate what you have and understand people that don't have things." She discounts any lasting emotional effects of her traumatic wartime experience. She insists, "We're normal. The experience didn't bother us. No, it doesn't bother me. It's like a bad dream." But she allows that "everybody didn't take it the same way. It still bothers them." And she acknowledges that personally, "I don't want to relive it. I want to forget it, try to live in the present."

Knowing what she knows now, would she have chosen to go into the service? "I think so," she answers. "That was quite an experience. I wouldn't want to have it again," she stresses with a laugh. "But I wouldn't want to miss having it.

"That experience," she points out simply, "that was my life."

— Jane Harris Woodside

Folklorist Jane Woodside is researching traditional crafts in Appalachia.

The Other Vietnam Vet

Susan Roper

Mike sits and stares at stark green walls, waiting for the orderly to leave the room so he can rip off his clothes and feel free. His wounded mind never heals, like the sores in his nose as he blows and blows, a stench of death never leaving his nostrils. Between blinks, he counts bodies, padding the total for the brass, as the roar of the bulldozer deafens him, jerking his body with each load of dirt pushed in the ditch. His family quit visiting, his curses too much to bear. A Silver Star sits on a dresser, tarnished brown, and he doesn't even remember what it stands for or how to wish or how to say a prayer.

The other vet sleeps soundly, dreaming of bluefish running in the surf, catching them two at a time. Occasionally, a nightmare creeps in, notifying him to leave for another tour, but dawn brings a peace and end to that war before it is begun. Standing under a hot shower for a half an hour or more, he estimates the water bill, remembering how, after thirty days in the field, he used to say he'd give a month's pay for just such a luxury. He checks to make sure his wife has stored a hefty supply of toilet paper in the linen closet, unable to forget there was only one small packet in his C-rations.

David lives on Food Stamps, and his kids on Welfare, while he visits the VA three times a week and goes on a pilgrimage to D.C. each Spring to touch the cold black granite. Staining the concrete with his tears, he reads names he doesn't recognize but he knows are parts of himself left somewhere in Southeast Asia. Watching TV until it goes off the air, he sucks down cigarettes and beer, never succeeding in getting drunk, or stoned, even when he smokes all the dope his friends sometimes bring over. Wearing his jungle fatigues, he cleans his stolen M-16 each night, caressing it like a lover, while his wife sleeps alone in their bed.

The other vet works nine to five, mows the lawn every Saturday and teaches Sunday School to those his senior. He and his wife go camping and as they drink hot cocoa by firelight, he talks about lonely watches on Whiskey Mountain and the waiting; how he marked off his short-timer's calendar day by day the last three months of his duty; and how he tried to stay sane by fantasizing about the real world with guys in his squad. Crawling into a single sleeping bag, they make love past midnight. When he falls asleep, he knows his life was sustained by God; by fudge and cookies sent from home; by stacks of letters every mail call from Momma, Daddy, sisters, and brother.

Joe divorced his wife three years after his discharge, freeing her for normality, having no desire left and no way to satisfy it, even if he had. Learning to walk again was the hardest, but he uses his hooks like some finely programmed robot. Looking at the Purple Heart in its dark walnut frame, he wonders why that booby trap waited so long to blow—only three short weeks to go—three damn weeks when he walked into that son-of-a-bitch. It had been hell being a grunt, still was. A stunted grunt at that, now. Instead of a 60 pound rucksack and all the weapons he could carry, he lugs around a plastic prosthetic and metal hands and tries hard to stay busy.

The other Vietnam vet questions why he came home in one piece, why he paid no higher price for our defeat. All those mortar rounds he fired left him slightly deaf, but sometimes when smelling the rice his wife cooks, he can hear those pots rattling at dusk as the South Vietnamese soldiers stoked up their cook fires, bringing terror to their allies and attention from the enemy, and he shivers. He and his closest buddies exchanged Christmas cards for the first few years, but they dwindled until the last one was returned, "Addressee Unknown." A Bronze Star lies packed away somewhere in the attic. Perhaps one day, he will show it to his grandson and try to explain to him

why it is important for a man
to be as good a soldier as he can.
— for my husband

Susan Roper is a graduate student and teaching assistant in the English Department at ETSU.

Courtesy of the U.S. Army

Sp4 Marvin Miller, Venus, Pennsylvania, First Engineering Battalion, First Infantry Division, searches for Vietcong or VC supplies in a tunnel complex southwest of Lai Khe, January 3, 1969. Being a "tunnel rat" was one of the most dangerous jobs in Vietnam.

APPALACHIAN VETER

Sgt. Sara Sellers, one of only 12 female chief master sergeants in the Air Force, meets President Lyndon Baines Johnson at White House ceremony honoring the first Congressional Medal of Honor winner of Vietnam, 1965.

Carson H. Whitehead, a Spanish American War veteran, (third left) is a member of the honor guard at the funeral of assassinated President William McKinley, 1901. A native of Butler, Tennessee, Whitehead had 15 children. One daughter, Sara Sellers and all of his seven sons served in the military.

Above: Bert Allen at Cu Chi Base Camp, Cu Chi, Vietnam, Fall 1969
Right: Bob Lilly near Cu Chi, Vietnam, 1968, with his monkey, Whiskey.

Identity card of David Purner in German prisoner of war camp, Stalag Luft III, Sagan, Germany, 1944, and David Purner during a more cheerful time, at a nightclub in New York.

27

ANS NOW AND THEN

Sara Sellers spent 30 years in the military, then returned to her home of Carter County, Tennessee. She is now a senior at ETSU, majoring in political science. She is also the First Vice President of the Carter County Republican Women, shown here at a meeting presenting a cake to guest speaker, Mark Reynolds, WJHL-TV weatherman, 1987.

Bert Allen examines a silk map of Vietnam, Johnson City, Tennessee, 1987.

Volunteer Vietnam veteran rap group leaders for the Alcohol Treatment Unit of the Veterans Administration Medical Center at Mountain Home receive outstanding service awards at a dinner in their honor, 1987. From left to right, psychologist John Flake, center director Jonathan Fitts, psychologist Steve Giles and volunteers James Hale, Bob Lilly, Glen Lewis, Charles Guiterrez.

Louise and David Purner at an ex-Prisoners of War meeting, Johnson City, Tennessee, 1987.

You haven't lived until you have almost died,
for those who have fought for it,
life has a special meaning that the protected will never know.
— Grunt '69-70

Bob Gillooly, Johnson City, Tennessee, found this poem written on a napkin in the enlisted men's club of the 25th Infantry at Camp Frenzell Jones, Vietnam.

Green Fields Turned Red

by a soldier

You cannot buy the return of my patronage with your final acceptance of a black granite wall.

The heat would always wake me up long before time dictated I must rise. You could feel the weight of the hot humidity in the same manner that you feel the weight of water when you dive 10 feet down. My home was eight six foot poles with a relatively waterproofed tarpaulin stretched over the top of each pole and one eight foot pole pushing up the center. The sides were of mosquito netting with a door made of regenerated supply crates. This gave the four occupants a 16 by 16 foot living area. The floor was plywood just laid over the red dirt and the furnishings and personal belongings were as unruly kept as that of a five year old's room.

It was impossible to stay in the shelter during sunup hours as the temperature would reach 20 to 30 degrees above that of the outside, which ran in the one hundred and teens. Those that worked at night had the privilege of doing their jobs without the eyes of the brass looking over their shoulders all the time, but they paid for this isolation from the brass by having to try to sleep in the heat of the day. One or the other was going to get you, the brass or the heat. Don't forget about Charlie.

★ ★ ★

Fifteen klicks north of Camp Carroll, and there you sit with the gray matter blown from the cranial cavity which had stored it and all that you were. If only your wife and children could see you now. Sorry, but your flak vest and armor around your co-pilot's throne did you no service. A command from the pilot, Fritz, calls me forward over the headset. The cockpit is a bloody mess. There are the CP's brains, hair, pieces of skin and bone, and some other unidentifiables plastered to the gauges, ceiling and the left side of Fritz. I am to remove what is left of the CP, which is slumped over the cyclic and armament control stick, and clear the faces of the gauges of what used to be the essence of this thing that I am pushing and pulling into the back of the chopper.

I had been taught how to fly an UH-1D in the event that no one of command was left to get her down. Fritz had bone fragments from the CP's skull driven into his left shoulder and neck and was losing blood at an alarming rate. I would ride left seat in the event that he could no longer maintain consciousness. We had extracted a LRRP (Long Range Reconnaissance Patrol) and were flying with a heavy stick.

Fritz got us back to Camp Carroll before losing consciousness—which saved me from testing if I really could fly an overloaded chopper with half the hydraulics shot away and who knew what other damage. The med techs were there to meet us as were the crash trucks. Now why do you suppose they sent the crash trucks out to meet us? After helping to get Fritz out of the cockpit and onto a stretcher, I looked around for the CP.

Sculpture, "Soldier," by Tom Rascon, team leader of the Vietnam Veterans Readjustment Counseling Center in Charleston, West Virginia, and a Vietnam veteran.

The Marine LRRPs had thrown him out because there was no room for him. The lack of his body weight had also helped us get an otherwise heavily overweight ship home.

He had only been in-country for two weeks and with us for one. That is why he was a nameless lost soul. He will only be remembered as the CP to me. To others he will be remembered as daddy. After unloading the LRRPs, I boarded ship number three for the return flight to retrieve the body of the CP. The area was still under total enemy concentration and made it impossible for the retrieval. When we were able to get into the area some eight hours later, there was no sign of the CP or the Viet Cong. Hence, one more name is impersonally added to the missing in action list for the anxious review of loved ones back in the world. I wonder what the VC would want with the body of a dead American pilot, if in fact the VC did remove the body. He could have become the entrée of a tiger's daily meal, or the gory trophy to be exhibited at the front of a VC victory parade.

★ ★ ★

There were literally hundreds and hundreds of VC fleeing the area any way they could. This wasn't a village but a large swampy area. I don't know if they ran out of ammunition or what, but we were taking very little fire at that point and we were just killing everyone.

It turned into a carnival shoot. They were defenseless. There were four light fire teams working the area and hundreds of VC were being mowed down. Bodies were floating everywhere. The mass color of the swampy area had now turned red.

Caught up in the moment, I remember thinking this insane thought: "I am God and retribution is here; now; in the form of my M-60 and the Miniguns that I take care of and the rockets that we are firing." It was a slaughter. No better than lining people up on the edge of a ditch and shooting them in the back of the head. I was doing this enthusiastically.

You begin at a point to understand how genocide takes place. A lot of the people we were killing in the morning were the same people who were killing us at night. I tried to rationalize that most of the people we were wasting were the enemy. But I could appreciate, in a dark sort of way, that you can take anybody, given the right circumstances, and turn him into a wholesale killer. That's what I was. I did it; I did it without any tone of conviction or moral attitude. My country, which in my youth's mind was by the people, for the people and of the people under the guiding eyes of their God and all that is moral and right, had turned me into an unfeeling wholesale killing machine, killing God's children in the name of that same God.

★ ★ ★

On the same day I had been standing at the heart of hell where anything goes and then in a phone line at the L.A. Airport trying to get a call through to home. There were people standing behind me in the line and were getting impatient of me trying to find my change. I ran from the line without making the call and when I reached a cab, I threw up. What was happening to me?

Home was no relief. This offered more pressure than I had ever received in Nam. All the questions, the whispering behind my back, the little jeers and off-color remarks. I could not sleep and the food gave me the runs. Everyone walked around with Cheshire cat grins pasted on and it was too damned cold in the house. Every time someone would move in the house at night, I would immediately come alert and reach for my weapon, which was not there. I felt like a caged animal that could no longer react on its natural instincts. I was, in fact, out of my element.

After two weeks of this hell, I reported to the Air Force base that would be my home for the remainder of my enlistment. But it would seem that the only place on this earth that I could feel comfortable and at ease with myself was the Nam. I asked to be assigned to my old unit and return to Vietnam. They granted my request willingly and off I went for my second tour in the same place that I had wanted to leave with so much eagerness.

★ ★ ★

Oh, sweet Jesus, I'm back. I am back to kill your children and I shall kill you if you present yourself in my line of fire. You son-of-a-bitch, why do you make a person like me? I will be the instrument of your demise as Buddha said, "that which you reap will become the guiding force in the end of your days." I know the end of my days will be filled with the souls of all who perished at my hand. They will stand beside my dying bed and bid me farewell to the hell that I most deserve. I have been damned for my actions and the blood will never wash from my hands. You send your god-damned ghost to my bed every night to remind me of the atrocities I have committed.

Why do we, the remnants of the horror of a land so far away, a land so detached from the culture that weaned me and all like me, and a people that find the daily acceptance of torn bodies justified by 20th century killing technology, wish for the rest that only our own death can present to us in our need? Oh sweet

death, come to me. I look for you in my desires. You are all that is left for me to find my peace in. Come quick please, the years have erased nothing but burned the wrath in more deeply. You fucking God, I need out.

I go back to that land in order to find the end. I have to die there. I have to die. Can't you people see what the hell I am talking about? Can't any of you people see what any of us are feeling or talking about? You bunch of blind motherfuckers that judge me will find your throat at my hands and your death in my eyes. I hate you all, I hate myself, I hate, hate, hate. Fuck all of you.

I am going back and let the bitter angels of my being free on all that confronts me. It is too late to save this soul. I shall turn it loose on its maker and his people so maybe he will think twice before making one as me again.

★ ★ ★

My first stop was the Club to see all of my friends that were not out on operations. The Club was a corrugated hut that was used for both the enlisted personnel and officers. Our unit was close and we did not endeavor to follow the rules in the usual non-fraternizing ways of the military establishment. We ate, drank and partied together, which also made us a top-notch combat unit. The military machine could have taken lessons on motivation from our unit and our CO. But the military is run by bureaucrats taking orders from more bureaucrats and we all know what a bunch of dickheads bureaucrats are.

★ ★ ★

It was a warm June day with the air filled with the sweet fragrance of dogwood blossoms and the sounds of a small Southwestern Virginia town coming alive. A mixed extravaganza of sounds filled my consciousness bringing pictures of water sprinklers wetting well-manicured lawns, the distant popping of Mr. Goodman's out-of-tune lawn mower struggling to rotate its dull blade through the crabgrass, the echo of the mourning dove that had greeted me each summer morning since I could recollect.

There must be a storm coming as I can hear the distant rumble of thunder echoing off the valley mountains. The storm is coming closer also; the rumble has turned into separate whumps as each bolt strikes. The storm seems to be moving in more quickly than any I have witnessed before.

My thoughts are suddenly broken as I hear my name called over and over. I open my eyes and see Fritz staring me in the face. Outside are the sounds of artillery and mortar explosions which sound like thunder in the near distance and Fritz is calling for me to come on. "We have a surveillance plane down, we gotta go."

★ ★ ★

The fear in their eyes radiated as the glow from the fires of hell itself. Not one cry for mercy or one trembling lip muttered a prayer to Buddha. The children clung to their mothers in hopes that safety would be anointed to them as their fathers knelt with their elbows lashed together behind their backs, dislocating their shoulders. The American truth had come to their village aboard the great war machines with 44 foot spinning blades atop.

It was not their wish that the VC had used their village to cache their supplies of tyranny nor was it their wish that their lives must be disrupted for a cause that they neither understood nor cared about. But it would be them that would pay the ultimate price for just being there and having no control over those who trampled their rice crops into the mud.

Tears filled the eyes of them all as they witnessed the burning of their village, their home for generations. Each hut was torched with no regard to the livestock within that always lived under the same roof as their proud owners. The village was laid waste in the span of a few minutes. A few minutes to obliterate that which had endured time and monsoon for over a century.

"Where are these damned VC?" I heard yelled over the sound of thatched huts burning and pigs screaming from a burning death. Chiggers was holding his .45 to the back of the head of the first Vietnamese male in a long line of the same. "Where are your brothers, you goddamned slope?" he yelled again until his temper broke and the old man lost his head in an explosion like shooting a watermelon with a hollow point. The old man's daughter burst from her position with horror in her eyes only to be cut in half by Stubs' 50 Cal.

The killing had begun again as it always did and would not stop until nothing was left alive to tell the story of the coming of the Great American Saviors. As always, the bodies and parts were thrown into a pile and burned with JP-4. We had lost the VC, the VC had lost a cache, and the villagers lost all.

★ ★ ★

It was in my 18th month and tensions were extremely high at the special forces compound outside Khe Sanh, a camp called Lang Vei. Everyone in camp was on watch with many an eye red from hours of peering through starlight starbright. The 3rd Air Force and all its accompaniment were holed up close to the choppers so we could be off in a second's notice. Word was out that a VC battalion was in the area and had the demise of our life forces on their minds.

The hour was 0330 and the jungle was an eerie quiet. Never before had I witnessed the absence of all the sounds of the jungle. This left my mind to accept the fact that an awesome death machine was close, a death machine that even the critters of the jungle had a fearful respect for to the point of vacating the area, leaving behind only those who hid in the compound.

In the dead quiet, the heat's weight could be felt along with the ever-present humidity. This made waiting for one's death even that much more agonizing. Every so often you could hear a muffled laugh born from some sick joke, or a prayer from the lips of one who knows that this night will give him his death.

The first mortar hit the command post with deadly accuracy. It would seem that the VC had measured and mapped the compound with great precision. The second mortar came in and leveled the dispensary. People were screaming and running in all directions. There were bodies and parts scattered all over the compound and we had only taken two hits so far.

Fritz was churning up the chopper and screaming over the explosion noise for all to get their asses on board pronto. I swung in behind my M-60 without having time to get my helmet. I would have to go through this thing with no head protection nor communications from Fritz. But we had done this so many times before that we needed no chatter to coordinate moves.

The compound below was a mass of fire, sparks, and shrapnel, intermingled with the living and the dead. I could hear the repeated ping of bullets hitting our air frame. We hadn't cleared the perimeter when the chopper seemed to come apart with a loud explosion. I felt myself hurling through space and thought that I must already be dead, I'm flying. I landed in a muddy area from a 20 foot fall and realized that I was still alive. The chopper lay some 50 meters from me engulfed in fire along with Fritz and all else that had been on board. My God, after all this time, Fritz had bought it.

I landed on the perimeter. I had landed in no man's land where no help would be available. My arm had been cut by something in the explosion and was cut half off. I was bleeding out with no med tech to help. I was also growing faint from the loss of blood. Looking up and toward the jungle, I could see a wall of VC approaching from all sides. Jesus, I hope I die before they get to me.

I grabbed a sling off a dead Marine and tied a tourniquet above my wound in order to stop what remained of my blood from pouring out. I noticed that the dead Marine had his guts blown out and scattered around his body. I grabbed the guts and shoved them into my shirt, half stringing out to the ground. I then lay on my side showing the guts coming out of me in hopes that the VC would think me dead and pass me by.

As they approached, they rummaged through the belongings of all that lay dead and shot all that still hung onto life. Then came my turn. One kicked me onto my back with a foot punt to the gut. The Marine's guts I had borrowed splattered all over him and I heard him cuss from his bad luck. He took me for dead, removed my boots for himself and left me be. Somewhere in my 'possum state I passed out.

I came to with the sound of English-speaking people screaming and yelling orders around me. My arm had a sanitary napkin tightly laced over my wound and a young med tech pumping morphine into my other arm. He looked at me and said, "You're a lucky son of a bitch, boy, the only lucky son of a bitch in this town."

★ ★ ★

I looked over the torn earth and beheld fallen comrades with their contorted, gray faces showing only the expressions of their last thoughts in life. I became acutely aware of that strange mournful peace that had always followed battles and in its stillness I felt so alone. Only the touch of a faint breeze gave any life to the setting as if the ghosts of all that had fallen were still lingering on in hopes that this was just a bad dream and they would soon be returned to their mortal temples.

And among the carnage I saw the radiant blossom of a lone flower that had survived by the grace of some lost miracle. So little life among so much death. The tears and sorrows that were yet to come over all of you, my comrades, I felt their approach as you would feel the approach of the midsummer's storm. So many souls cast to oblivion in such a short interval. There must have been a tremor in the harmonious jell of the universe. How could this not be felt? I surely was standing at the gates of hell.

To inject reason to this defied all justification, just men killing other men on a grander scale. There were no tears, no feelings, just the

presence of the flower and one lone soul still embodied in its biological form. And when it was over, nothing was gained but the spilling of young blood.

What would these gallant fallen ones have been? In what ways would they have altered the future if they had been granted further life? The saddest words of tongue or pen, to know the things that might have been.

And the dream still comes as it has always every night for the past 18 years. When all others find rest in their sleep, I find the darkness of a dungeon. The dungeon was dark with only the sound of dripping water adding to the already two foot depth that was my floor and sleeping area. The body was encaged but the soul was unmanageable and free to wonder. On this day, at this particular time, at this very instant, I gave in to the demon. The demon is still in control today as it was then and the demon rules me. You fucking people do not understand. Fuck you and all that you are. I shall be the bitter angel of my soul and loose it on you and your destiny. Kill me, kill me, kill me you sons-of-bitches.

★ ★ ★

It has been 18 years and all that has transpired since then is as much a shame as those 18 months in the Nam. Broken marriages, drugs, the law, VA after VA with shrink after shrink.

You cannot buy the return of my patronage with your final acceptance of a black granite wall.

Vietnam is still alive for I am still alive. I shall not let it rest nor let those of you that wonder rest. And after my death, I shall come to you in your dreams as those of my past come to me now in mine. I will keep it alive with every fiber of my being. And some day, maybe, we will all understand.

KEEP ALERT

— Thomas Rollins

This is an excerpt from a longer autobiographical work. The unabridged version of this story is available upon request from ***Now and Then.***

The day before yesterday,
when we were young and eager,
and thought we knew,
we never questioned ethics.
The wiser men were at the top,
or so we thought.

Yesterday,
when we were still young and eager,
we did question ethics,
and many of us were forced to run away.
The wiser men were not necessarily at the top,
only the definers of ethics.

Today,
when we are no longer young,
and our eagerness is in doubt,
many of us live in dread and fear.
A new batch of sour cream
may be rising to the top.

— Milton E. Tober

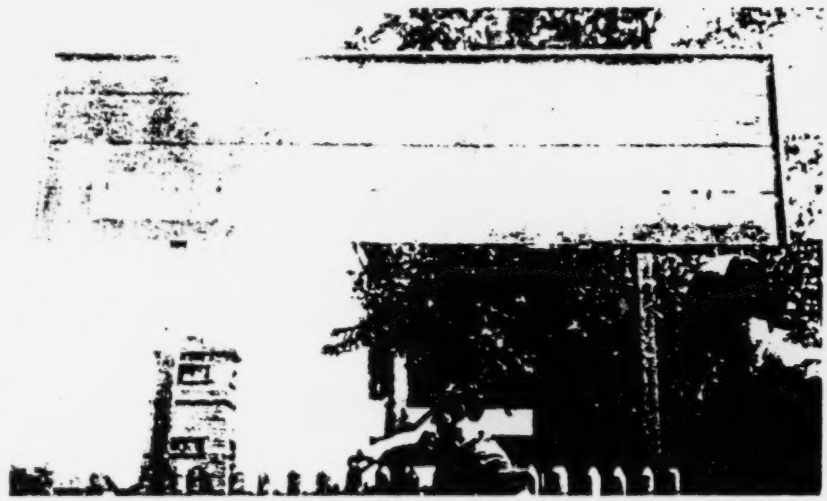
Milt Tober is a graduate and former employee of ETSU. He served in Vietnam when U.S. military personnel were still advisers there. He and his family recently moved to St. Louis.

Watercolor by Jerold McComas, Chesapeake, Ohio, who served in the First Air Cavalry in the Republic of Vietnam in 1968.

"The Effects of These Times We Had..."

Prisoners of War 42 Years Later

Bert Allen



Courtesy of David Purner

Entrance to prisoner of war camp Stalag VII A, Moosburg, Germany, 1943. Sign reads, "Prisoner of War Assembly Area."

While anyone who lives or works with veterans could guess that the hardship of being a prisoner of war would cause long-lasting physical and emotional damage, the effects have not often been studied or measured. The study described here breaks new ground in gathering such information. The results were even more dramatic than the researchers expected. — Ed.

In the summer of 1985, Steve Giles, Chief of Psychology Service at the Mountain Home Veterans Administration Medical Center in Johnson City, Bob Hall, chairman of the Social Sciences Area at Milligan College and I began meeting to discuss veterans' issues. We sensed the importance of the subject because we knew that our own relationships with the military had an effect on our lives generally—with Bob's service as a reserve chaplain, Steve's experience and research with veterans and my service in Vietnam.

On one particularly productive day, Steve mentioned a new assignment for him at the VA was to serve as a liaison to former prisoners of war in the area. That was a serendipitous comment, resulting in a continuing in-

Diary of a Prisoner of War

John R. Clark

John R. Clark of Elizabethton, Tennessee was a 20 year old staff sergeant in the Army when he was captured by the Germans on December 21, 1944. The soldier managed to keep hidden a Bible and a small pad of paper and the stub of a pencil on which he kept a diary. After liberation he transcribed and annotated it.

Approximate Date	Event	Comment
3/06/43	Enlisted U.S. Army	Good physical condition Weight 151.
10/13/44	Overseas 106 Infantry Division	Member Company F, 422 Regiment, Third squad leader. Weight 198.
12/10/44	Engaged in combat near St. Vith, Belgium	
12/21/44	Captured near St. Vith	Marched three days and nights. No food.
12/24/44	Locked in box cars	Strafed by U.S. planes: six killed, 47 wounded. No medical attention.
12/25/44	Marched for three days	Food: half loaf of brown bread, one spoon of jam for two days.
12/28/44	Put on train	Bombed — by our own planes.
12/29/44	Arrived at Camp 4-B	Searched and all personal belongings taken except for New Testament. I hid it.
01/01/45 to 02/14/45	Arrived at Camp 8-A Typical day and typical food: Lights on - 5:00 a.m. Tea at 5:30 a.m. Count at 7:30 a.m. Cup of grass soup at 10:00 a.m. Two slices of bread at 1:00 p.m. Cup of tea at 4:30 p.m. Lights out at 7:00 p.m.	New Year's Day at Görlitz. LICE. Living conditions: Heat - very little, Bed - stack bunks, three deep boards six to eight inches apart, no mattress, no bedding.
02/14/45	Left Camp 8-A, Gorlitz	Start of march, group of 1,200.
02/15/45	Arrived at Reichenbach	Marched 30 kilometers (19 miles) stayed in barn. Food: cup of grass soup, quarter loaf of black bread.

Courtesy of David Parner

American GIs in prisoner of war camp, Nuremburg, Germany, 1943.

volvement for all of us with the lives of former POWs.

We began examining research about American and foreign former POWs. The few studies that existed suggested that the POW experience left the veteran with physical and emotional problems more severe than persons of a similar age.

We developed a method through which the lives of former POWs from the Southern Appalachian region could be examined. We were particularly interested this group because Appalachian natives have been more likely to see combat than those from other areas of the country (see "More than Our Share of Heroes" in this issue). The significance of this group is also demonstrated by the number of former POWs in East Tennessee and Southwest Virginia: 350-400 former POWs reside within a 75-mile radius of Johnson City.

We developed an extensive questionnaire requesting information about family, education, vocational and medical history, emotional history, outlook on life and recollections of the past. Our strategy involved surveying four separate groups: former POWs of World War II, combat veterans of World War II, noncombat veterans of World War II and non-veterans of World War II. The four groups came from similar age ranges and social and economic backgrounds. Only their experiences in time of war set them apart from each other. In this way, we could determine the effect of war experiences on the men's lives afterward. Through civic groups, churches and service organizations, we asked for volunteers, and in the summer of 1986 we (and students from Milligan) conducted the interviews.

The results suggested that the problems of former POWs are far more severe than had yet been established. Their careers and their physical and emotional health have been irreparably damaged. Yet we also found tremendous strength in their marriages, in their faith and in their caring for their fellow former POWs. These strengths are all the more admirable when looking at our findings—the results are staggering.

Among the former POWs, 71 percent indicated that they suffered from a disability which was directly attributable to their military experience. Only 7 percent of the other veterans reported a disability. Former POWs reported that they were ill much more frequently than the other veterans and non-veterans. Fully one quarter of the former POWs were ill more than 30 days during the year prior to the study. The average length of time reported ill during the same time by the other groups was less than two days. The POWs also reported much more use of medication than the other groups.

Among the former POWs, one-third have sought counseling for a nervous

02/16/45 to 02/27/45	Marched to Bautzen, Königsbrück, Klotzche Meissen, Lommatzsch, Döbeln, Leisnig, Bad Lausick, Borna, Wolkwitz, Meuselwitz.	Total of 226 kilometers (140 miles) Bombed as we marched through Meuselwitz.
02/28/45	Marched to Eisenberg	28 kilometers (17 miles) Prisoner got out of line, shot through hand, wrapped with rags, no medical attention.
03/01/45 to 03/05/45	Marched to Jena, Mellingen and Weimar	54 kilometers (35 miles) Stayed in Weimar three days. Lined up to be shot because one of our group stole a chicken. They shot three prisoners the night before for stealing from a garden.
03/08/45	Marched to Umbich	30 kilometers (19 miles) Group split into two groups of 550 each. Received one fifth of Red Cross food parcel.
03/09/45 to 03/13/45	Marched to Erfurt, Gotha, Schlotheim, Silberhausen, and Dinglestädt	115 kilometers (76 miles) In Silberhausen, stole an egg for my soup.
03/14/45	Marched to Wingerode	19 kilometers (12 miles) Stayed here for three days, lived on sugar beets - stole the beets and chop and cooked.
03/17/45 to 03/19/45	Marched to Worbis Ostarode and ?	53 kilometers (33 miles) Stayed in brickyard with Russian POWs. My boots were stolen and I marched without shoes in cold weather.
03/20/45 to 03/21/45	Marched to Duderstadt and Schwiegerhausen	36 kilometers (22 miles) No shoes. Got out of line for water, dog turned loose on us.
03/22/45	Marched to Stuffenburg	22 kilometers (14 miles) No shoes. Got new shoes in Stuffenburg, no socks.

condition. None of the subjects in the other categories reported using counseling for nervous conditions.

Sleep presented significant problems for the former POWs. None of the other subjects described such problems. Some specific complaints were nightmares, insomnia, and dreams of former military experience.

Two thirds of the former POWs never finished high school, compared to one-quarter of the other veterans. In fact, two-thirds of the other veterans reported that they finished college and went beyond. Approximately one half of the other veterans reported that they used the GI Bill educational benefits. Only one-quarter of the former POWs used these same benefits.

Combat and noncombat veterans both reported significantly higher levels of earnings than did the former POWs. Sixty-nine percent of these veterans reported their 1985 income greater than $20,000. Only 40% percent of the former POWs reported income that high.

There were a few items that members of all the groups had in common. Most reported themselves to be non-smokers and rather temperate users of alcoholic. Most had also been married for a long period of time. The vast majority of all groups said they were Protestants.

However, the study clearly shows that the lives of former POWs have been dramatically different than the lives of other veterans or civilians. Striking differences are apparent throughout their post-war life.

The POW experience presented stressors and degradations unlike those experienced by other veterans or by non-veterans. Lack of proper diet, proper shelter or permanent social relationships combined with the prospect of death at any time certainly carried a long-term effect, considering that the time of the collection and analyses of the data was 42 years after repatriation.

Poignantly, participation in this study was the first time that a number of these men had provided information to anyone about their experiences in war and its aftermath. Interviews suggested that they often found it impossible to reveal their experiences even to their closest loved ones. The wives of these men seemed as interested and intrigued by the results as their husbands were. The wives reported that their husbands had successfully hidden this part of their lives from them. These men hold much emotion inside and are careful to keep it that way. However, the research became a way of describing the POW experience directly to an interviewer yet indirectly to wives and other loved ones.

The POWs' responses to an open-ended question at the end of the in-

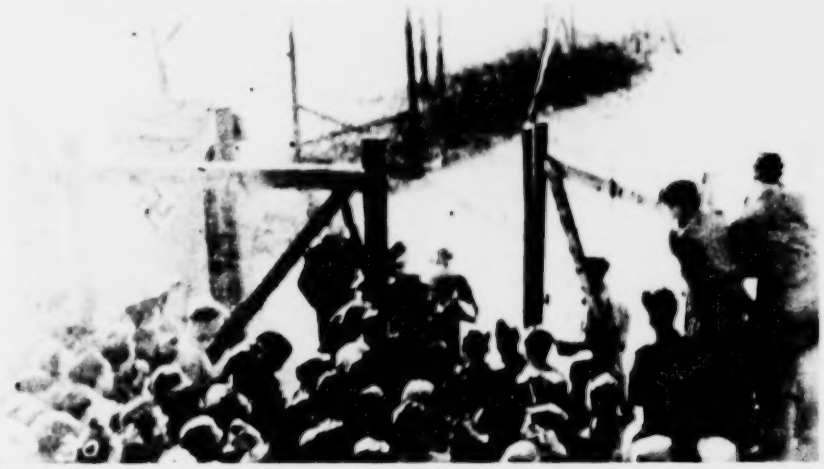


Photo by H.E. Kotas, courtesy of David Parnet

Liberation by Patton's Army of prisoners of war, Moosburg, Germany, April 29, 1945.

03/23/45	Marched to Seesen	25 kilometers (16 miles) Sore feet.
03/24/45 to 04/10/45	Marched to Lutter am Bdge, Immerode, Braunschweig	72 kilometers (45 miles) Blisters. No medical attention. Stayed in Braunschweig. Bombed.
04/11/45	Marched to Königslutter	22 kilometers (14 miles) Warned if POW dropped out of the march, he would be shot on the road.
04/12/45	Marched to Rhode	17 kilometers (11 miles) Germans told us President Roosevelt died - first true thing they told us.
04/13/45	Marched to Hörsingen Liberation	16 kilometers (10 miles) Friday the 13th. Freedom at 10:00 a.m. Stooped over and blacked out - weak from lack of food. Food again.
04/14/45 to 04/16/45	Flown back to Camp Lucky Strike, Le Havre, France.	Stayed for two weeks, had dysentery, lived on paregoric. All the fillings fell out of my teeth. Weight 127.
05/13/45	Arrived in New York	Sent to Fort McPherson, Georgia.
05/15/45	Home	For 65 days ate and slept.
July, 1945	Miami, Florida	Here for two weeks. Slept and ate and laid in the sun.

After the war John Clark returned to Elizabethton. He married a fellow Happy Valley High School graduate Ruth Gobble in March, 1946. Clark sold life insurance for more than 30 years. Now retired from that business, he does some remodeling of houses, has a farm with a few head of cattle and does "Gideon work," which he says is the most important facet of his life right now. He has two grown sons and three grandchildren. He remembers being a POW as a bad experience, but now, he says "it feels like a dream."

Courtesy of the National Archives

Pvt. Douglas Profitt, Athol, Kentucky, 100th Division, U.S. 7th Army, Bad Ord, being freed from long imprisonment in a Nazi camp, smiling as he signs evacuation papers. A U.S. task force raced deep into enemy lines, accomplishing the mission of freeing 6,000 American and British prisoners, Germany, April 4, 1945.

terview were enlightening. They included: "If I could have had compassionate psychotherapy in 1945 (along with my wife) our lives would have been greatly enhanced," "The memories of lice, ticks, etc., still bother me. Because of the conditions in the POW camp...The effects were not life-hindering, but the memories are not good," "Have full appreciation of life itself. Self-reliance, compassion for suffering. More tolerant of people," "Made me distrust my friends and neighbors who selected me to die for them."

Data are unemotional. With them we can describe groups of people and make all individuals look the same by talking about averages. Yet, the POWs we came to know are unique individuals.

We were aware that some of the men have wives who attend each gathering of the POWs, yet other POWs attend without their mates. This has made Steve and me wonder about the levels of support sought and received from wives as well as the general caliber of family relations of the group.

The men had much in common. All of the men and their wives demonstrate a strong faith in God. The men are quite patriotic. After having worked with groups of Vietnam veterans who distrust government, we have been amazed at the devotion to their government which these former POWs display. The men are also quite supportive of one another. They are more open about themselves, their shortcomings and their fears than other older men seem to be. They have much to teach us.

Photographs of these men at the time of incarceration more than 40 years ago are startling. These were 20 year old aircraft commanders. These were 20 year old soldiers imprisoned by an enemy force away from all that was familiar. These were young men forced to make munitions for the enemy in factories attacked by their own forces. These were young men who were forced to remove bodies from bombed out areas of Germany's cities.

David Purner, a former POW and a Johnson City resident, said in an oral history:

We had problems with the intense cold at times, but when we got down to Nuremberg the filth was just indescribable—a real hellhole. We didn't realize the effects of these times we had. They didn't know about it. Later they came to realize about post traumatic stress. A thing will lie dormant for years and then something will tick it off. Physical wounds heal—they scar but they heal. Psychological wounds, I don't think ever heal. You hit something that ticks 'em off and they break wide open. It's there...it will always be there. They didn't brief us before we went down on what we should expect; and they certainly didn't tell us what we'd put our wives through the next few years. You know, these wives, well they've earned their medal too. The nightmares or drinking—hyper-reactions—in retrospect, you know where they came from. But they didn't tell us what to expect or how to cope with it. If we'd had the debriefing or psychotherapy they have now, maybe a lot of lives would have been different.

The data we have compiled show how extensively time as POWs has affected the lives of a group of men from a particular culture—the Southern Appalachians. It is important in thinking about services and community support in the region. It is also important to think about former POWs in other parts of the country. More research about World War II POWs could only be good, even at this late date. Studying veterans of World War II POW camps will also give us some productive ideas about caring for the few survivors of POW camps of Korea and Vietnam.

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Drs. Allen and Giles presented their findings at the American Psychological Association meeting in New York in August of 1987.

Author of the POW diary, John R. Clark of Elizabethton, Tennessee and Bert Allen at an ex-POW meeting, Johnson City, 1987.

Veterans of Appalachia Remember the World at War

Colin Baxter

During the past three years, students of Modern Military History at East Tennessee State University have interviewed scores of World War II veterans from Upper East Tennessee, capturing with their tape recorders vivid oral descriptions of military life.

By their willingness to answer questions about their wartime experiences, which in some cases involves re-opening old psychological wounds, veterans provide a source of historical information just as important as documentary evidence. Since most of these veterans are more than 60 years old, it is important that their reminiscences be recorded for posterity.

In the gathering of oral history, veterans are asked about their morale during the war, and about typical, humorous and tragic experiences. Describing the typical, many talk about the dreary monotony of "C" rations, rank fear and boredom. One former Naval officer describes "steaming for days and days across the Pacific, punctuated by short and deadly action." They remember the humor, too. A Tennessee veteran of the 99th Infantry Division, predominantly a Pennsylvania and Ohio outfit, maintains that he could not understand the "Yanks" and they could not understand him for the duration of the war. Tragic scenes have left indelible scars: the sight of a truckload of dead GIs, a B-24 going down in flames, the deafening, bone-shaking blasts of heavy artillery, and as one veteran put it, the "sickly, sweet stench of death." One soldier, seriously wounded in the leg by Japanese machine gun bullets, describes a day in New Guinea when his company suffered 77% casualties fighting for a hill in an "insignificant battle." Neither has he forgotten the names of the men he knew, nor their wartime home addresses.

Veterans describe their basic training with remarks such as, "Thought they was going to kill me," and "It seemed like forever." When one inductee was handed a wooden rifle, he exclaimed, "No way we can win this war!" Whatever the level of training, whether basic, advanced or specialized, the veterans generally praise the instruction and credit the military with having given them an education. "I was immature when I went in and mature when I came out," recalls one.

Overall positive responses are offered about leadership. A veteran of the 94th Infantry Division recalls that his captain "never asked you to do something that he wouldn't do

Five Hundred Miles Behind Enemy Lines

Wright Swanay of the 15th Air Force

from an Oral History recorded in 1984 by Eddie Carver

When the Japanese bombed Pearl Harbor I was 21 and single which is a fine way to be 1A draft classification...I wanted to be a flyer. I was on my 39th mission when I got shot down...The weather was beautiful, a perfect day, mid-summer. The gunners on the ground zeroed in on us and we were buffeted all over the sky. I am proud to say we got our bombs away. We were in trouble however and out I went...I fell not too far and pulled my cord...it was like hitting a brick wall...the group disappeared in the distance. As I got close to the ground I could hear a little whistling sound. It didn't take me long to figure out—bullets—when I looked down I could see little figures taking aim at me. I didn't know anything to do but swing a little bit...I drifted away from them. I hit the ground very fast and landed in a clearing. I hid in a thicket as these armed, angry civilians hunted me. They never did spot me...They quit and their voices drifted off in the distance...It just tore me all to pieces to think how it would affect my family, more so than the shape I was in. I just didn't know what it would do to them. For the first day it just consumed my thoughts, more than anything. I just thought to myself here I am a dead man. There's just no way I can get out of this alive, five hundred miles behind enemy lines. I didn't have any dog-tags *[which meant he could be shot as a spy]*. For the next three days I moved around. Thirst was killing me. I sucked the leaves off trees. On the fifth day, I found a wagon track full of water. I drank out of that wagon track. And a few minutes after that I felt someone looking at me. There was a farmer. He kept looking at me and he went off. I knew he was going to get others. I heard a motor car and knew they were after me. There was the farmer with eight men with guns. They went by where I was hiding but the last man saw me. They put me in a car and drove to a small village...I would act as if I couldn't understand them. In the village, an officer handed me my dog-tags. They had fallen off when I parachuted and someone had found them...I was never so glad to get anything in all my life. They smiled at me since they knew I was glad to get them.

The town was getting curious. They would come out and look at me, kids would jab with sticks, spit on me, and call me murderer, gangster. They took me to a barn and there was my airplane. Not only my dog tags, but my airplane landed in the village. On one occasion, angry civilians, with a rope and a noose already made, threatened me. Luckily, a truck came up and the

himself." A former Marine replies in a strong voice that his officers were "unbeatable. They would eat, sleep and shoot the breeze with them" (the troops). His battalion commander remembered his name 40 years later. This particular veteran had survived five of the fiercest amphibious landings in the Pacific War, including Saipan, Tinian and Iwo Jima where one man was killed or wounded every minute during the first three days on the island. He described the "ultimate" morale builder, the raising of the flag on Mount Suribachi. "I was 1,500 yards away. I heard Taps, turned my eyes toward Mount Suribachi and saw Old Glory flying."

A high price was also paid in the skies over Europe where the 8th Army Air Force alone lost 46,000 men. A former aircraft maintenance technician with the 15th AAF in Italy remembers that on one mission eight out of 11 planes were lost. In answer to the question of how he spent any leisure time, he says that war is "a seven-day-a-week, 24-hour-a-day job." Sometimes he went into nearby Italian villages, he adds, but the towns were usually bombed out and the inhabitants reduced to begging. With the end of the European War, his unit was scheduled to be re-trained for the Pacific. In his case, and most others interviewed, President Truman's decision to drop the atomic bomb was approved. In the words of one Navy veteran, he was "damned glad" to hear about the bomb.

The sense of joy and relief that came with the end of the war was summed up by a former rifleman who survived hand-to-hand combat in Sicily and the hedgerow fighting in Normandy, when he says, "I'd a lot rather be back here and live in the back alley and eat out of a garbage can than to be over in that place." He still dislikes the sound of firecrackers. Several veterans comment that fireworks displays meant to welcome their return from war served only as a harsh reminder of the deafening noise of battle.

But coming home also meant the uncertainty of finding a new place in society; finding a job and a house was not easy in the immediate post-war years. And for many, there could be no "coming home" to the farm after the intensity of wartime training and experience. For during the war years, it was not uncommon for a soldier from rural Tennessee to have traveled in several states for military training as

500 MILES

Aviation cadet Wright S. Swanay at Ellington Field, Houston, Texas in 1943.

guards commandeered the vehicle and me to safety. The mob was throwing rocks at us...I was very glad to get away from that situation.

I was then turned over to the German Luftwaffe. An officer asked me in perfect English what I did in civilian life, and I said I was a farmer. "That's all we get," he said, "farmers and students." Later an interrogator, very military, very antagonistic, pushed a card in front of me and said "fill that out." The card obviously wanted military information and all I gave them was my name, rank, and serial number. He just blew his stack, threatening to have me shot. They put me in solitary confinement. Kept me there for several days. I never did fill anything out except my name, rank, and serial number.

Note: Swanay was then transferred to Stalag Luft 3 in Germany, a prison camp for Allied flyers, where he stayed for the next six months. This was the camp from which the famous "Great Escape" had taken place earlier when 73 prisoners had tunneled to freedom only to be recaptured, with 50 executed. Mr. Swanay has laughed at the antics of ***Hogan's Heroes*** *but points out that the television program was as removed from reality as one could imagine*

..."German officers were not Klinks." With the Russians moving westward, the POWs were moved by the Germans to another camp at Nuremburg..."a camp that wasn't fit for pigs to live in." Moved yet again to another camp, at last, on April 29, 1945, they heard gunfire...

A tank ran up to the camp and rolled right over the gate. Very touching to me, I could see the German swastika come down and the American flag appeared on the flagpole. We cheered and shouted. I waited at the camp gate for three days because my brother was with Patton's 3rd Army, and on about the second day, General Patton—a very imposing man, big shoulders, ramrod straight, spick-and-span, arrived at the camp. I counted 24 stars...four on his helmet, four on his shirt collar, four on each shoulder, and four on his pistol butt. He got up on a jeep and spoke. He had a high-pitched voice. He said that these G-D Germans were going to pay for everything they had done to us.

I continued to watch and wait for my brother. About two hours after I finally left the camp, my brother arrived. We didn't see each other for two years, back in Elizabethton.

My wife greeted me on the train station in Johnson City, and we took a cab to Elizabethton. It cost $2.50 at that time. Everybody in the community was at my parents' house to greet me. The yard was full of people. I really appreciated that. I had to go into a room to strip down to my shorts to prove to my mother and grandmother that I wasn't badly wounded. It seemed to me like a lot of the parents of my friends that I had known had gotten a lot older than they should have. They had aged prematurely. The war took its toll on them, too. The war didn't just touch the ones who went. It touched many of the people back home.

★ ★ ★

Collected as part of Colin Baxter's course in Modern Military History at ETSU.

well as many foreign countries. For these soldiers, going to war also meant going from the provincial to the exotic, from the pasture and city street to the jungles of New Guinea and the bombed out buildings of great European cities, from cultural isolation to cultural proliferation.

Armed with new skills and a new perspective, many veterans found industrial opportunity in urban America or took advantage of the GI Bill to earn college degrees. Their change in direction and vision on the homefront would be forever altered. Their new vision of America would not. On Victory in Europe Day, 1945, somewhere near Berlin, a GI wrote home that, "The Germans as well as the world have seen what a mighty war machine (America) can really do. My travels overseas have taught me to appreciate and love America, her greatness and her goodness. No nation nor race of people can compare to America."

This quote and many others tend to support observations made by military historians that World War II veterans widely view themselves and America in a more positive way than veterans of Korea or Vietnam and perhaps of earlier wars as well.

Some of the World War II veterans say they enjoyed the experience, the camaraderie, the warm friendships; for others the recollection of war has been pushed into the darkest recesses of their minds. For yet others, there was a mixed legacy, as was the case of a former rifleman of the "Old Hickory" Division who was miserable during the war but on hindsight counts his experience as an achievement. "We were (like being) in jail, restricted, limited," he says, "but looking back it was one of the greatest times of my life." Like many veterans, it is difficult for him to explain this contradiction fully.

These veterans of World War II were eyewitnesses to a momentous turning point in history, and their personal reminiscences are an invaluable contribution to our understanding of that war. Their many experiences, placed together, create a far truer mosaic than that depicted by Hollywood or in popular mystique.

★ ★ ★

Military historian Colin Baxter teaches history at ETSU.

In *REVOLT* Against the Laws of the Universe

Joyce Duncan

Dr. Emmett Essin is a professor of history and the Director of Developmental Studies at East Tennessee State University. He first became interested in mules and the military while completing his dissertation on cavalry horses. He is former chair of the executive board of the Appalachian Consortium.

Of all the time-worn cliches in the American repertoire, one that most readily springs to mind is "stubborn as a mule." There are some, however, like Dr. Emmett Essin, who feel a misty-eyed romance with these cantankerous beasts. "The mule," asserts Essin, "is not stubborn. People just don't know how to work them. The mule is an invaluable part of American and Appalachian history, particularly military history."

The mule was drafted into the Army for the first time in the Mexican War and served nobly (though not officially) through the Civil War, two world wars and the Korean conflict. In other words "he has been on the military payroll for over 125 years," according to Essin. "Furthermore," he adds, "there were probably more Tennessee mules than Tennesseans serving in World War I." In 1915, some 15,000 of the animals were purchased in Columbia, Tenn. and shipped to England to serve with the British forces in France. Hardly a week went by that mules weren't front page news in America's papers, according to Essin.

A neutered cross between the ass and a mare, the mules worked long hours for little pay and without complaint. They hauled artillery, cannons and tanks out of knee-deep mud;

A vehicle of modern warfare lies helpless but the mules carry on.

they pulled trees and enormous cables for miles to set up telephone lines; they ventured into areas where no man nor vehicle could or wanted to go. By the end of the war, over 59,000 mules had been recruited and most had seen foreign soil. At times the mules were more valuable than Hershey bars and silk stockings as items of trade.

In the majority of confrontations, after the invention of the motorized vehicle, the mule competed directly with commercial trucks and military transport. There was little contest, Essin says, the mule won. While dead vehicles littered the roads and ditches of the military arena, the mule trudged on, unselfishly delivering fuel to his competitors and pulling them from the mire.

On December 15, 1956, the last two quartermaster mule regiments were officially phased out at Fort Carson, Colorado to be replaced by the helicopter. Although the mule is an animal, according to Essin, "continually in revolt against the laws of the universe," his service to the military has been and will continue to be missed. After all, the mule doesn't use gas, he doesn't have mechanical failures, he doesn't balk at adverse conditions and he doesn't fall 20,000 feet from the sky when he is ailing.

★ ★ ★

Joyce Duncan co-authored ***Heirs to Misfortune*** *published by Overmountain Press in 1987. She is an adjunct faculty member of the English Department at ETSU.*

A Soldier's Wife in the Civil War

Mrs. Robert Frank Orr

compiled by Nancy Joyner

Note: Any war affects both soldiers and civilians, but when a war is fought in one's home territory it is especially disrupting. Mary Middleton Orr has provided a record of the profound difference the Civil War made to her family when, in 1864, she, her infant son, her mother, and her nine siblings traveled from Henderson County, North Carolina to Knoxville, Tennessee. They went to join her husband and father, both Union soldiers. The following excerpt is from her memoir of the journey:

We were two days going to Asheville. The sun was about an hour high when we got there, and before we had time to think where we were, we ran right up on the Rebel guards and they halted us. I was scared almost to death, but tried to hold up my head. I asked them where Col. Palmer was. They pointed to a flight of stairs on the left and said his office was there. We all strolled up the steps and got to the door. There were four or five men around in the room, writing. I asked where Col. Palmer was. They said he would be up in a minute. He came and we told our business, that we wanted a pass to go to Knoxville. Palmer said: "What in the hell do you want to go there for?" I told him we were going to get something to eat. He then asked where our men were; and I thought we were gone up. I had two brothers in the crowd, twelve and fourteen years old and large for their age; and the Confederates had already taken the sixteen year old boys, and I was afraid my brothers would be taken.

As I have said, my husband, Robert F. Orr, ran away from the "Rebs" in the spring; and soon after that, Folk's battalion was captured by the Yankees. So I told Palmer that Folk's Battalion had been captured in that seizure. So they began to count us. The little children, tired out, were all huddled down on the floor. He counted us over twice and said: "I reckon I will have to let you go; it will take a heap of corn to feed these little children." He turned 'round to one of his men and said: "John, write a pass for Mrs. Middleton, three grown daughters and eight children."

You may guess I felt free when I got our pass. I took it in my hand and felt like a bird let out of a cage. By this time it was near sundown, and the next problem was where we were going to stay all night.

We were two weeks and four days on the road. We stayed two days at one place near Morristown and washed up our clothes. We all had two suits with us. There were two almost babies to carry and our bundles, which made our trip wearisome.

My two younger sisters were lively and would laugh at Mother and me for looking so sad on the way. I would get out of heart sometimes and almost wish I had not started. Then, the thought of living in the Confederacy and being in dread of my life, they knowing my husband was with the Yankees or in the mountains (they did not know which), would make me go to the Lord in prayer, asking Him to guard us through, which I truly believe He did. Then I would travel on a day or two in good heart with the thought of getting where we would be protected.

It was the fifth day of September, 1864, that we found Father. He then took us to Col. John Baxter who vouched for our loyalty, which set us all right.

In the winter of 1864 my father moved twenty miles below Knoxville and stayed there till the close of the war. In March, 1865 my husband came home sick and stayed until the first of August when he went to his command and was mustered out, I believe, on August 18.

Then we were free to battle through life the best we could. All we had before he started to the war was gone we knew not where. We had to commence anew with two children. But the war was over and our life saved, and we would not complain. We stayed in Tennessee seven years, and we thought it best to come back to old North Carolina where we had a little piece of land all in the woods. He has built a house and opened a little farm and is living on it yet.

I am the mother of seventeen children, of whom eight are dead and nine are living. My health is gone down until I am not able to work much; and sitting about and studying over my life I just thought I would write out a sketch of my war life to let the younger generation know a little of the poor Southern woman's trials and hardships.

★ ★ ★

From a typescript, "The Experiences of a Soldier's Wife in the Civil War," by Mary Middleton Orr (1843-1924). The North Carolina Collection, Pack Memorial Library, Asheville, North Carolina. Used by permission.

Volunteer Work on the Frontlines by a Veteran of the American Field Service

McQuown Wright

Perhaps they could be called "benign mercenaries."

They were American Field Service volunteers, American civilians who performed front-line ambulance duties through the British War Office in both World War I and World War II.

In World War II, the era with which I am most knowledgable, most of the drivers were persons whose age or small physical defects left them ineligible for regular service. Despite this, repatriation because of illness was minimal. There were about 2,000 drivers with some 800 assigned to Burma when the war ended.

That was where I was stationed in 1944. I was in charge of five American Field Service ambulances attached to an Indian Field ambulance company with the duty of assigning ambulances where needed in the field of operations. I had not yet come under fire.

Japanese forces were threatening a drive on Imphal as a step to cut the Bengal-Assam railway, vital to ground supply of China. The Tamu Road was one of two paved roads from Burma to the Imphal plain.

Our convoy had left the Burma border at dawn to withdraw to this peak in the Chin Hills in the Indian state of Manipur, an ancient invasion route from Burma into India.

Our peak, similar to the Appalachians of Upper East Tennessee, was a half a mile from the Lockchao Bridge by air, but three miles by the twisting road.

We slept on stretchers, either in the ambulances, or if in an area where attack was expected, in an entrenchment dug to hold two stretchers.

The volunteers were not armed. The Geneva Convention permitted arms for self-defense but few AFS drivers had them.

Shortly after we arrived, about an hour after the camp had quieted down, sporadic rifle fire could be heard, apparently coming from the Lockchao Bridge. This brought us volunteers to our feet, with anxious looks at each other in the half-light of the tropical night. Firing began on the perimeters of the camp and some sounded in the encampment. And a few bullets were heard hitting within the camp.

Suddenly, heavy, constant fire broke out. All dove for cover. I can remember a tall, heavy fellow from St. Louis revealed from flashes of the firing, parallel to the ground, stretched out three feet in the air, leaping for a slit trench. I tumbled in on top of him.

Firing continued for what seemed to be an awfully long time, but probably was not more than two or three minutes, and then slowed to a stop. The ambulance drivers went back to a fitful sleep.

Not one person was hit, all the more remarkable because the six man malaria control unit was placed on a spur across the road, opposite the encampment's gate. When the firing started, they rushed across the road seeking safety within the lines. But the guards on the gate, thinking they were under attack, drove them back across the road with heavy fire, fortunately with poor aim.

Although this "non-enemy action" on the Tamu Road ended happily, there were in the next few months constant engagements as the second retreat from Burma took place. The Japanese were pushing stronger and stronger in their drive to Imphal where they could consolidate and use it as a base to invade India proper.

The Tamu Road became my "home" for most of 1944, until I completed my term with the AFS and went back in the news business as a war correspondent for United Press (before the "I" was added).

The motivation of the volunteers was varied, and there were not too many conversations on this subject. Money was not the object, however. Pay was nothing in World War I and in World War II it was $20.00 per month for the first year of service and $50 per month for those serving more than one year.

Unquestionably a few were idealists; some were conscientious objectors; some desired to avoid long periods of boredom in the military and naval services (but there inevitably was some of that in the ambulance corps, too); some did not want to sit at home during the war; and virtually all wanted to see action.

And they did. During World War I a dozen volunteers lost their lives. In World War II 36 drivers were killed and 68 wounded and 13 were captured (mostly in the Western Desert campaign). In both wars many drivers won medals and honors from the French, British and American governments.

These hardships were not in vain. AFS ambulances carried a half million sick and wounded in World War I and more than a million in World War II. They were also cited many times for increasing morale among the troops.

Between the wars the AFS raised funds, promoted exchange students and established chairs of learning with French universities.

Following the end of the hostilities of World War II, the AFS again turned to student exchange programs all over the world. That remains the function of the service to this day.

★ ★ ★

McQuown Wright was born in Mountain City, Tennessee and educated at Princeton (class of 1940). He worked for the ***Knoxville Journal****, the Chicago City News Bureau and* ***Chicago Tribune****, and United Press. He lives in Mountain City where he has been active with the local newspaper and legislature.*

Halftime shows
always remind me
of once in the MAC terminal john,
Clark Air Base.
I spoke to a man on his knees
at the last sink
washing his face before rising
and going home
in the big bird parked outside
waiting orders, "Fly away!"

We talked of things, he and I,
things men talk of:
Mamma and home and summer;
hamburgers and real milk;
babies and parks and school songs.
Then, "Last call."
He left, dry faced, smiling.
There were no legs,
just padded stumps remembering
that last field goal.

★ ★ ★

Knell

It was dying time:
hometown's protesters,
the fleet-of-foot
crossing the border,
and we, with no choice,
in typhoons and rice paddies.

— Tom Frazier

★ ★ ★

Tom Frazier is assistant professor of English at Cumberland College in Williamsburg, Kentucky and is author of the syndicated column ***Mountain Movements****. He served in the Air Force and saw some of the last American personnel leave Southeast Asia.*

From ***Sense of Peace****. Reprinted by permission of the author.*

Preacher Pressley's School of How It Used to Be

Dave Long

Preacher Pressley is past retirement age and arrives a little later in the winter because an extra cup of coffee is required before his bones are willing to make the 100 foot walk from the home he built to the former chicken coop. It has always been my belief that his slowness in the cold months has more to do with the fact that the first one to arrive gets to build the fire, and if he stalls long enough, some one will take care of that chore.

He is known simply as "Pressley" and whether he actually ever mounted a pulpit remains his secret. His old coop turned workshop is gorged with the treasure and trash of broken antique furniture which he will restore to originality. The contents of the barn are constantly replenished by folks from many places. Pressley restores them in his own good time. Seldom does anyone bother to query price because money is not one of the old man's priorities and he is probably the only one who knows how to do what has to be done.

His visitors are often other craftsmen who come to inquire how a particular missing part from an antique can be fabricated so that it cannot be discerned from the original. Frequently, the item to be made has no other model than that stored in his memory. More than once he has been heard to chortle when the owner of an antique has not been able to identify which of the table legs is the replacement. His day is complete when he is able to name an article for someone who has no idea what he just bought at an auction. Of course, the event always reminds him of a story or anecdote and you know what is about to happen when you hear the words, "That reminds me of the time ..."

Pressley's view of the world has been broadened by a journey across Europe in World War II and more than 10 years on the road as a long haul truck driver, but he has remained as quintessentially rural Appalachian in his soul and substance as the moonshine that he once concocted and consumed. His time on the road only made his East Tennessee roots reach deeper and today he enjoys life's parade at the end of a dirt road within "spittin' distance" of where he was born.

Three years and a few months in the Army were not wasted for Pressley or at least so it seems to him after having 40 years to ponder. "I made 50 dollars a month and that was big money after working for 75 cents a day when you could get it," he states to give credence to his favorable memories of the military experience. Country boys from Appalachia are not taught to question authority and are not strangers to hardship so that adaptation to a spartan lifestyle came easy for Pressley.

Preacher Pressley looks over a meal chest to be repaired.

The old man has fond memories of his years in uniform and he cannot understand why anyone would question "doing your duty" because everyone where he comes from "joins up" in time of war. He still has all of his campaign ribbons and decorations among his possessions, can recite his Army serial number and is certain that the doctors at the Veterans Administration Hospital walk with the angels. Fourteen years ago he had cancer surgery at the VA Hospital which he credits with saving his life.

Now and again, Pressley decides that enough work has been done and it is time to go fishing. We arrive at a creek where lines are dropped and soon small fish begin to be caught and we promptly throw them back in. It takes several minutes to realize that he could not be enjoying himself more than if he had just hooked Moby Dick. The fun is in the doing and even the fish break even.

★ ★ ★

Dave Long is a social worker in the domiciliary program at the Mountain Home Veterans Administration Medical Center.

REVIEWS

Long Shadows

by Ross Spears
16mm., color, 88:15, 1987.
Also available on VHS videocassette from
The James Agee Film Project,
316 East Main Street,
Johnson City, Tennessee 37601.

Richard Blaustein

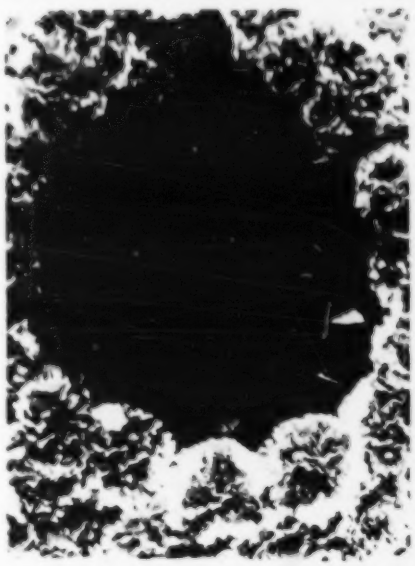
Though the guns of the Civil War fell silent more than 120 years ago, the repercussions of what Ross Spears calls "the most cataclysmic event in our national history" still reverberate within the American psyche. Evidence of the lasting impact of the great national conflagration is all around us — North and South: in the popular iconography of T-shirts, bumper stickers and beach towels; in defiant displays of redneck machismo ranging from humorous to hate-filled; in obtuse Yankee contempt for Southern language, beliefs and values; in the ongoing struggle of American blacks for full equality; and finally in the self-righteous rhetoric which sanctifies and justifies any and all American military adventures in terms of freedom versus slavery.

Long Shadows attempts to come to terms with the painful notion that history cannot be relegated to the past. To the extent that our historical experiences give us the reference points which shape our perceptions and responses, the past is inseparable from the present. Consequently, *Long Shadows* deals with the cumulative effects of all of America's wars and not just the War Between The States; the fact that our wars never end, but that cultural and social wounds continue to fester long after the living flesh has healed or decayed. As the renowned black historian John Hope Franklin comments towards the end of *Long Shadows*, "Here we are, getting towards the end of the 20th century, with some of the same problems that plagued us 100 and 200 years ago."

John Hope Franklin is only one of a number of distinguished Americans included in *Long Shadows*; the list includes former President Jimmy Carter, oral historian Studs Terkel, poet Robert Penn Warren, historian C. Vann Woodward, civil rights activist Albert Turner, psychiatrist Robert Coles, along with a well-balanced sampling of ordinary folks, Northern and Southern, black and white.

Spears' approach is essentially the same as in his previous documentaries, *The Electric Valley* and *Agee*. Along with vignettes of oral history and unstaged, spontaneous commentary, Spears makes highly effective and creative use of montages of archival photographs, films and TV footage. There are no purely dramatic episodes in this film as in *Agee*, but a segment featuring historic re-enactment buffs in mock battle at Mannassas vividly conveys the powerful emotional involvement of many modern Americans with mythology of the Civil War. Quite clearly, these people who find it necessary to don the uniforms and take up the weapons of their 19th century ancestors are selectively reconstructing an idealizing past; they tell us that this was "the last romantic war, the last gentleman's war." The romance of the Civil War has taken on a reality of its own, completely divorced from the hideous fact that over 600,000 soldiers died, equalling the fatalities of all other American wars combined from the Revolutionary War through the first five years of Vietnam. Romance aside, the American Civil War can with equal justice be called the first modern war, particularly in terms of deliberate, terrorizing destruction wreaked upon civilian populations. Sherman's notorious "march to the sea" broke the will of the Confederacy but also sowed seeds of bitterness still very much with us today. Indeed, James Reston, Jr. sees strong parallels between Sherman's draconian tactics and America's ill fated attempts at village pacification in the countryside of Vietnam.

The Vietnam-Civil War parallel keeps emerging throughout *Long Shadows*, culminating in a harrowing yet highly moving final segment showing the dedication of the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Washington, D.C. in 1984. Like the remnants of the wailing wall in Jerusalem, the Vietnam wall is a paradoxical symbol of pain and endurance; we see veterans, their friends and families expressing sorrow, bitterness, anger and acceptance as they touch the names engraved on the black stone. Spears evokes Lincoln's Gettysburg Address to honor those who lost their lives in America's most divisive war since the Civil War: "These dead shall not have died in vain." The last image Spears presents to us is a blood red rose atop the Vietnam Wall; the screen fills with red as the camera zooms in on the rose and we hear a weary voice slowly amd tentatively singing *The Battle Cry of Freedom*. The past is within us; the past is part of us, and we ignore the lessons of the past at our own peril. In the end, *Long Shadows* raises more questions about America's sense of direction and destiny than it can possibly answer, but it does force us to ask these questions of ourselves and that is no small accomplishment. Highly recommended.



★ ★ ★

REVIEWS

Sergeant York: An American Hero

by David D. Lee
The University Press of Kentucky
Lexington, Kentucky 1985
$18.00 (Hardcover)

Charles L. Walter

It is a rare author whose impact starts with the dust cover of his book. Gazing quietly from the cover of David D. Lee's *Sergeant York - An American Hero* is the Sergeant himself. His uniform is rumpled as uniforms were in those days of natural wool; there are just two medals on it. His hair is cut short in a military style but with a self-respecting wave brushed into it. He was only thirty-one when the photograph was taken but the face has that particular aged look of a man recently in combat. The eyes rivet you. They are alert and penetrating as if a life depended on seeing rightly.

The dust cover picture is repeated along with other pictures in this remarkable book. York's pictures later in life have him looking younger—thus one takes the measure of the slow recovery from traumatic experiences.

David Lee, the author, started with two objectives:

> "First of all...penetrate the myth surrounding York to establish the facts of his life...
> Secondly,...the hero-making process itself...how heroes are chosen, the characteristics heroes exhibit, and the roles institutions play. Closely related to this...how heroes in turn manipulate the process that created them...York used the legend to advance his program of progress for his native Appalachian mountains."

Dr. Lee is well equipped to achieve these objectives. At the time of writing, he was an associate professor of history at Western Kentucky University in Bowling Green, just north of the Tennessee line. He now is Associate Dean of Totter College at Western Kentucky University. He has written on Tennessee politics. York's daughter, Betsy Ross Lowery, resides at the University. She and other members of the immediate family were interviewed. Lee had access to extensive Army and Tennessee archives and even to a 1929 German Army report that tried to undermine the legend.

The facts of Alvin York's life are deceptively simple. Not at all simple is his hold on the notoriously fickle American public. York, Lee points out, maintained his celebrity through World War II until his death. I am persuaded that he is the most widely remembered American figure from the First World War. Yet, Lee's book points out, York was not the American soldier most acclaimed by World War I professional military men. This paradox holds Lee's narrative together and engages the reader.

The book begins with his ancestors' arrival at the picturesquely named Valley of the Three Forks of the Wolf River. The social, historical, and physical setting for York's early life in Fentress County just north of Crossville is sketched. We get to know him through his own words regarding the struggle he had to reform his life. Just as he had achieved some stability, a draft notice introduced a new struggle of conscience that links him to the war-conscience question of our century. The narrative examines with scholarly detail the Argonne Forest fire fight. He came to public acclaim due to a perceptive *Saturday Evening Post* writer and a desperate public need for an individual hero who could transcend the depersonalized mass terror of the first machine gun war. York's integrity as a symbol for a simple, forthright, uncommercialized frontier America was not easily maintained; Lee details the snares he avoided. His successes and failures in struggling to use his celebrity to improve roads and schools are heart wrenching.

This concise slim volume succeeds in establishing the facts behind the legend and analyzing the hero-making process itself. It paints a rich canvas of life in the Cumberlands and its interaction with the world outside. The people who cross York's path are intriguing. For instance: Jesse Lasky, the filmmaker whose career was revived by the "Sergeant York" film; Audie Murphy, the World War II hero who went another path than York took; Woodfill and Whittlesley, whose World War I heroism led to personal tragedy. The book does not gloss over the real problems of Cumberland people and yet it recognizes their values. As a source for understanding the area, the York era, and the York symbolism to American fighting men, the book is irreplaceable. From a scholarly standpoint, its photographs, careful presentation, index, and extensive bibliography make it a basic source. For writers of fiction and semi-fiction, it will be a rich mine of characters and situations. *York - An American Hero* is a good read because it is a humane, interesting narrative of a man who had contradictions and struggles that readers can recognize in their lives.

★ ★ ★

Charles Walter, Ph.D. is a psychologist at the Mountain Home Veterans Administration Medical Center in Johnson City, Tenn. He has worked with Appalachian veterans for 30 years.

Courtesy of the National Archives

Sgt. York

REVIEWS

The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come

by John Fox, Jr.
University of Kentucky Press,
Lexington, Kentucky, 1987
$22.00 (Hardcover)
$10.00 (Paperback)

Roberta Herrin

In November, 1987, the University of Kentucky Press is reissuing John Fox, Jr.'s *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come*. First published in 1900, the novel chronicles the effect of the Civil War on the Cumberland mountaineers and Bluegrass aristocrats of Kentucky. According to Fox, "Nowhere in the Union was the National drama so played to the bitter end in the confines of a single state." Kentucky families—be they the mountain Turners of the Bluegrass Deans—are annihilated. And Kentucky individuals fare no better—be they the meanest Jerry Dillon or the noblest Chad Buford. "No Citizen," says Fox, "whether Federal or Confederate, in sympathy, felt safe in property, life, or liberty."

The war itself concerns barely half of this novel, which is ultimately not the story of a nation or a state at war; it is the story of individuals, especially one Chad Buford, a Cumberland orphan who is befriended first by the old mountaineer, Joel Turner, and later by the aristocrat, Major Calvin Buford, who discovers that Chad is his kin. After Chad's decision to defend the Union, he travels between the mountains and the Bluegrass, seeking from both his benefactors understanding and respect. He is given neither until the end of the war, but by then Joel Turner and the Major are dead.

In the 1960s, *The Little Shepherd of Kingdom Come* was in disfavor because of Fox's depiction of black characters such as Snowball. In the 1990s, the novel is likely to earn new respect. Readers who have learned the lessons of the 1960s and 70s will see its broader implications: that in war ethnic background, regional affiliation, social class, and political sympathies become meaningless; that where there are already personal resentment, anger, and animosity, war is but a sanctioned excuse for revenge, pitting individual against individual to settle longstanding hatreds. Only the individual is important, and he suffers. Even Chad Buford—who is the "embodiment of Americanism," and who enters the war with "no prejudice, no antagonism, no jealousy, no grievance," not even "slave sympathy" or "stubborn, rebellious pride"—is vulnerable to the injustice and insanity of war. These are the lessons that Fox's generation learned from immediate experience and the lessons that *this* generation needs to be reminded of.

★ ★ ★

Roberta Herrin, assistant professor of English at ETSU, specializes in children's literature, and recently taught a seminar in Appalachian children's literature. She is the vice president of the Appalachian Consortium.

History of the Thirteenth Regiment - Tennessee Volunteer Cavalry

by Samuel W. Scott,
Captain Co. G, 13th T.V.C. and
Samuel P. Angel, Adjutant,
13th T.V.C.
P.W. Ziegler & Co.,
Philadelphia, 1903
Reprinted with index by
Overmountain Press
Johnson City, Tennessee, 1987.
$21.95 (cloth)

Pat Arnow

Like most of the population of the southern mountains, the majority of East Tennesseans wished to remain in the Union during the Civil War. But as part of one of the states that had seceded, they remained under Confederate domain through most of the war. This caused great hardship for Union sympathizers. All eligible men were conscripted into Confederate service and active Union supporters were harrassed, imprisoned, even hanged.

In 1903 two Union veterans put together a history of East Tennessee's unique role in the Civil War. It contained an account of the skirmishes around the region with names and places familiar to East Tennesseans. While a fair amount of the book is just a listing of the names and places—a kind of scrapbook for descendants—there is a large portion that makes this newly reissued volume worthwhile to a wider audience.

The authors vividly describe their reasons for supporting the Union, politics of the time, and their perspective as soldiers in the field. Their vision makes the era more real than musky interpretations of a history written long after all the participants have died. They present some incisive views, for instance, why people in the mountains were not enthusiastic about the Confederacy:

> "...the soil and climate are not adapted to the growth of cotton, rice and tobacco, the great staples of the South, hence slave labor could not be employed to the same advantage as in the Cotton States. The people, or a large number of them were comparatively poor and earned their living by daily labor. They were not slow to perceive that slave labor must enter into competition with them, lessen their wages and their chances of employment, and diminish their opportunity to better their condition either socially or financially. They could see that by fighting for slavery they were only fastening upon themselves the yoke of poverty, and the ban of social ostracism, hence slavery was not a question of paramount importance to them, unless it was in its abolition."

Their colorful recounting of East Tennessee's part in the war and the part their regiment played is interesting to anyone who likes reading history from the perspective of the mountaineers.

Overmountain Press has published the book in its original form, adding only an index.

★ ★ ★

The Beulah Quintet

"...the feral edge of what has made us."

Nancy Joyner

Mary Lee Settle's impressively versatile technique within the five novels that make up her Beulah Quintet is replicated in the impressive variety of her uses of war in those novels. Born in the last year of World War I, married to an Englishman in the first year of World War II, member of the Women's Auxiliary Air Force in 1942, forced to return to the United States from Turkey at the onset of the Cyprian war in 1974, Settle's life has been eddied about by war or the threat of it. War, its anticipation, its aftermath, the battle itself, is theme, subject, and metaphor in her books.

With the exception of her memoir of her years in the Women's Auxiliary Air Force in *All the Brave Promises* (1966), war is never the principal subject of her books, and the extent to which it is mentioned varies from one novel to the next, but it is a significant element in each of them. Because war is an "easy" way to make historical demarcations, and because Settle's novels are historically based, the presence of war in those novels is not in itself surprising. The way in which she treats war is.

War is one means by which the five novels are connected, and connections are the overriding theme of the quintet. Johnny Church in *Prisons* (1973) fought for Conscience rather than King during the Civil War in England in 1645, and it was conscience that killed him when he opposed Cromwell's tyrannical practices four years later. On the morning he was inducted in the army he sired an illegitimate child, Jonathan Lacey, who "would have been typical" of immigrants to the New World in the late 17th century. Hence, Jonathan Church is the presumed progenitor for one of the principal families whose fortunes are traced through some eight generations.

O Beulah Land (1954), the first of the series to be written, is set in West Virginia in the years that conclude the French and Indian War and anticipate the Revolution, 1755-74. Prominent is the description of the Battle of Fort Duquesne, where George Washington is seen in a cameo role and Jonathan Lacey in a major one. But the focus of this book is not on the battle but the settling of the area that was to become West Virginia by the veterans of the battle.

Know Nothing (1960) also deals with a period preceding a major war, 1837-1861. Jonathan Catlett, a descendant of Jonathan Lacey, is a gentleman of privilege whose personal slave accompanies him to the University of Virginia where debate over abolition continues. Jonathan spends some years in the Missouri Territory, peripherally involved in the literal and figurative battles among the settlers there. Eventually he prepares to fight for the Conferderacy, as his brother Lewis joins the army of the North. This book has been called an Appalachian *Gone With the Wind*, in which the romantic entanglements of the women are central to the plot; nevertheless, the war's foreboding permeates the novel.

The Scapegoat (1980), perhaps the most successful of the novels, theoretically takes place in one day in 1912, when a battle between the workers and owners of a West Virginia coal mine takes place. The book opens with a description of the Gatling gun that has been installed on the front porch of the Lacey's house. However, one substantial section deals with the experiences of one of the daughters who is a nurse in France during the Battle of the Somme in World War I. In a letter home she wrote "They say over a hundred and fifty men were killed by one machine gun...She wanted to say 'That's what a machine gun does, Mother.'"

The Killing Ground (1985) does not deal with war, although there are references to protests against Vietnam. Yet the central event of that work provides an emblem for the entire quintet: Jonathan McKarkle, descendant of Jonathan Lacey, is killed in a jailhouse brawl by his distant cousin, of course another descendant of the first American Jonathan.

One of the most unusual aspects of *The Killing Ground* is that the protagonist, Hannah McKarkle, is named the author of the other four novels of the quintet. She, like Antigone, (the myth that Settle has said informs the novels) is trying to "bury" her brother by searching for her roots. What she finds is the "itch for balance" between "the seduction of comfort and compliance and duty" and "the impotent seduction of the rebels...the feral edge of what has made us." This "feral edge" inherent in us all results most dramatically and destructively in the large and small wars that shape our history and Mary Lee Settle's Beulah Quintet.

★ ★ ★

Nancy Carol Joyner, a native of Asheville, North Carolina, is a professor of English at Western Carolina University. She has previously published on Mary Lee Settle in ***Women Writers of the Comtemporary South****, edited by Peggy Whitman Prenshaw (University Press of Mississippi, 1984) and is working on a book on Appalachian women writers.*

V.C.
G.I.

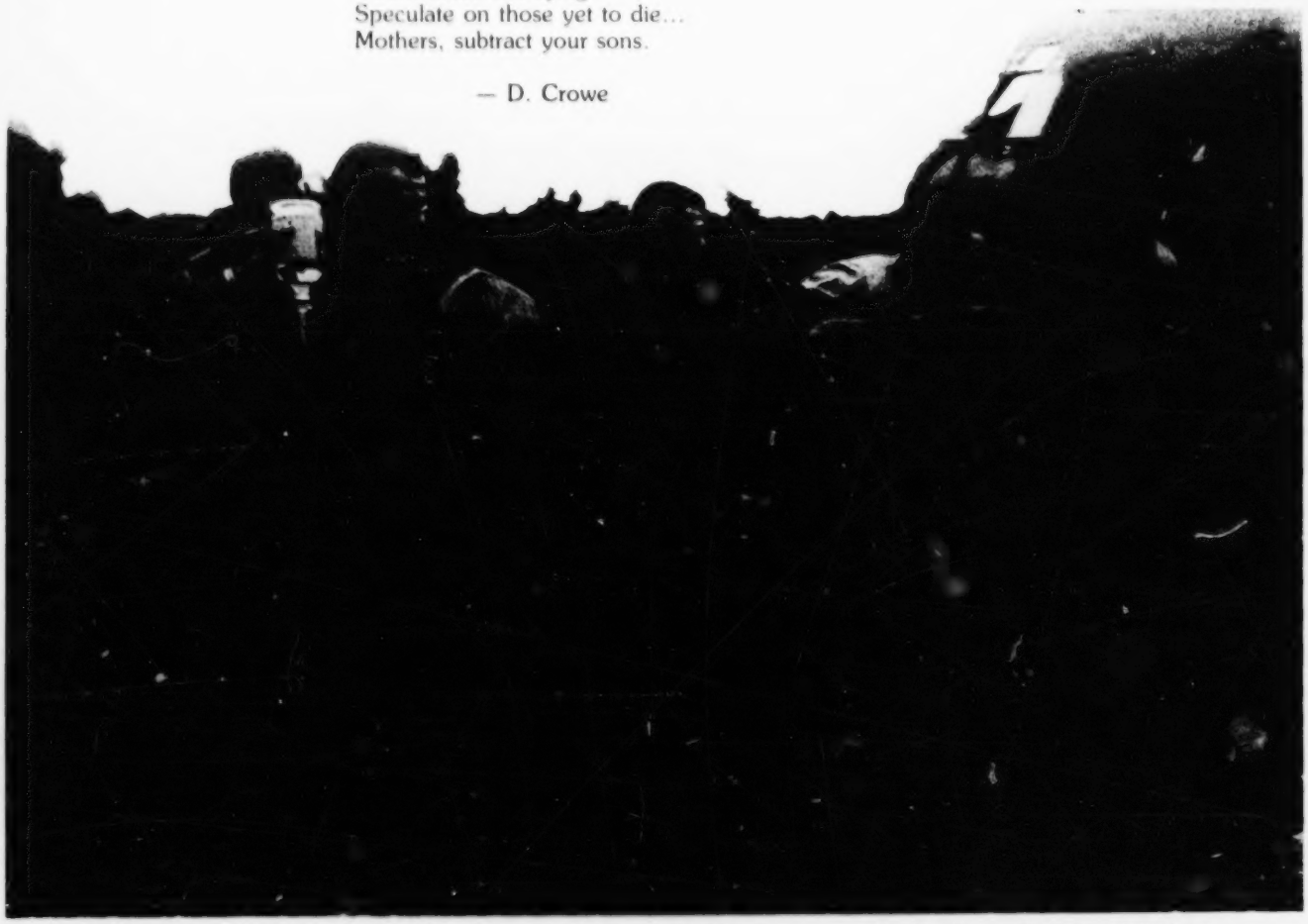
All blood is red.
All the killed are dead.

Mostly soldiers
Mostly Oriental
An old man
Mostly young men.

Issue to each
A pine box
And rubber bag shroud...
The dead ain't proud.

Emphasize kill ratio.
Count those still dying.
Speculate on those yet to die...
Mothers, subtract your sons.

— D. Crowe



Courtesy of the U.S. Marines

Marines of Delta Company, First Battalion, 5th Marine Regiment, carrying out a wounded buddy after an M-33 grenade booby trap was set off in their position during Operation Taylor Common, 10 miles northeast of An Hoa.

Dan Crowe is a veteran of Korea, a resident of Kingsport, Tennessee, and the author of a book of poems called ***Poison Ivy Entangles the Sweet Apple Tree.***

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For Our Fathers

James E. Whaley, 1950. His daughter, Cathy Whaley, is a student at ETSU and a student assistant for Appalachian Affairs.

Reticence

When I was 27 years old, my parents and I were eating dinner when out of the clear blue, my father commented that, in England, the tables had five forks for each place setting. After I regained my composure and the mashed potatoes that slid off my fork, I asked two million questions. Until that time, I never knew that my dad had been west of the Mississippi, much less around the world.

He answered each question that poured from my wanderlusting consciousness — intimate details about England, France, Germany and Northern Africa. But to the ultimate question — "what did you do in the war, daddy?" — there was no reply.

In the ensuing years, I have made several attempts to get my dad to talk about the war. Each time, he changes the subject, wanders off or pretends not to hear. Occasionally, something will click and he will drop a bomb into the conversation, like when his friend fell into a snake pit or the cold-sweated nightmares he had when he first came home, but for the most part, I know nothing of that time in his life.

When I asked dad to be interviewed for this article, he declined without a second thought, mumbling something about "a faded memory" and "all the details mixed up." His only definite comment was that "the war made a man out of him."

My dad spent World War II in Company "C" of the Eighteenth Infantry. He enlisted one year before Pearl Harbor. His father died of tuberculosis when my dad was nine years old and as the oldest of four, it was dad's duty to quit school and take over on the farm and in the family. And yet, he says, it took a war to make a man of him.

A few years ago, I walked into the basement to find dad pouring over a box filled with yellowing air mail onionskin and decaying documents, mementoes of the years he spent as a soldier. He spoke the standing family cadence of "when I am gone, these are yours" and put them away. I have gone back to that box many times and each time I discover a man I do not know. I hope someday he can forgive me but there is part of one letter to his sister that I must share. It reads:

Somewhere in England
Sunday 12 Nov. 1944

...26 years ago the war was over and now one's started. I hope this one is the end of wars and there won't never be anymore and no more men will have to go through with what I have and no more soldiers will die. Christmas is right around the corner and I wonder where I will be this year. One Christmas I spent in a foxhole in Africa and one here in England. I sure would like to spend this one at home but that is almost impossible with about 4000 miles of water between me and there...

I do not know what happens to men in wars. All I know is that the thoughtful, open man who wrote those letters is not the walled man I call "daddy."

— Joyce Duncan

Robert Arnow returning from Germany, 1946. Daughter Pat Arnow edits *Now and Then*.

Guadalcanal

Mother of cruelty
it was the sorriest scene you could bear witness to
paraplegics and amputees
balanced on coconut tree logs
sunning their phantom limbs
on the company street
when up comes a brassy jeep
throwing purple hearts out the window
like they were grape lollipops in the homecoming
parade.

I'll never forget one man who was missing an arm
and a leg
saying, tears as bitter as hydrochloric acid melting down
his cheeks,
"Yeah, that purple heart and a quarter will get me a bun
without a hot dog
if I ever get home, if I ever get home."

— Bob Henry Baber

Things He Did Not Say

He did not volunteer the story
and when I asked, he said
"there were better stories,"
and told no one. By better,
he meant funnier, safer for the heart.
But you went down? I asked again.
"We had to find the Japanese fleet,
it was Midway." He did not say
they were desperate, in danger
of losing the Pacific war
or that MacArthur had gone home.
He did not say when the orders
came he thought I know my death.
"We were flying off a carrier.
They said fly straight and hunt
till we ran out of gas,
and radio our last position."
He did not say a man can vomit fear
or what it cost to be alone.
He did not say what would have happened
if he'd found the missing fleet.
The Japanese encouraged suicide.
He did not speak of the distance it took,
or how, when he did run out of gas,
if the propeller had hit first,
the plane could have burrowed
nose first into the water, how if
a wingtip caught a wave, his neck
would have wrenched loose from his body.
"They said they'd try to pick us up."
He did not tell about stepping out
of the sinking useless plane into
the middle of the biggest ocean,
a raft he was still trying to inflate
between him and the bottom,
or hoping someone, not the enemy,
had heard his critical numbers.
"I was down the rest the day and night."
He did not say all the names
he thought about for God. He said,
"I was glad to see the submarine."
He did not say when the one that found him
finally surfaced in the dawn,
huge and dark and dripping
with the right flag painted on it,
he began to think of things to do
with children, hikes and camping trips
and looking at stars.

for my father
— Jo Carson

Pierce Carson with his children Jo and Skip.

Bob Henry Baber was shot during a demonstration against the Vietnam war in Los Angeles and spent time in jail for protesting. He is a widely published poet and works for Appalshop in Whitesburg, Kentucky. His father's experience in World War II inspired "Guadalcanal."

Jo Carson's father was a pilot in the Navy in World War II

Gallipoli

Beware of those who swear men's hearts,
tender as asparagus shoots,
are won by bombs or bullets,
who swear that Glory is the progeny of war.
She is not

for war is the idolatry of raw suicide
mocking the very spirits
in whose name it is incanted

Death, my friends, can be called many names:
Senseless, Blind, and Cruel,
but Noble, it cannot.

Brothers, do not let these generals
make you over in the craven image of corrupt Gods
holding cracked mirrors before hollow skulls
to see brute power rape
without shame or remorse.

Do not leave your mothers and fathers
to stumble insanely through caverns of pitchblack loss
darker than unmined coal,
but save yourself
for your children and grandchildren.

Beware. These men envy you your youth,
would deny you the wines they cannot sip
and the women they cannot bed.

They call you. Do not go.
Do not be deceived by bones wrapped in tissue paper
or flags folded in triangles.
These will not warm your marrow
when snow obscures the battlefield.

They call you. Do not go.
For war is but mud and meaningless gristle,
shrapnel and guilt.
Even its victories groan mean under the tongue
turning saliva and words to lead.

To the grave they call you
as death himself would
beckoning with phrases that gleam like sabers
held high to the sun—
phrases that blind the eye and pierce the ear

Their lies—which in the senility they have come to
believe—
march in rows of rhetoric splendor and pomp
while they brush ersatz tears
from their blitzkreig eyes.

Do not listen.
Do not bequeath your youth or old age
for a pot of golden abstractions

but cast aside these phony hallucinations
of rotting cadavers
who nickname skeletons
dance with ghosts
and proclaim dead boys Sons

— Bob Henry Baber

This armored vehicle was parked in front of the recruiting office of the National Guard in Erwin, Tennessee, in 1985 to inspire residents to enlist. The photo was taken by Rose Mary Huskins, a resident of Erwin and a photography student at ETSU. She'd like to dedicate the picture to her father, Fate Robinson, an honorable veteran of World War II.

Courtesy of the National Archives

Sgt. Sidney New of Harlan County, Kentucky, who was repatriated by the Communists, with his Uncle Bill McGregor at Ft. Mason docks in California, September 9, 1953.

NOW AND THEN

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